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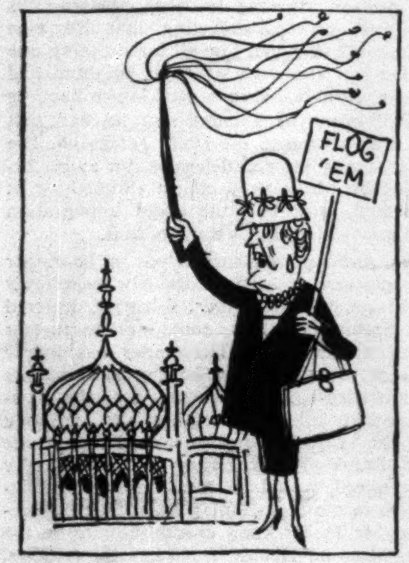

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The Mood of America

Lambs to the Slaughter

THIS week Tory delegates at Brighton noisily acclaim the government's determination to stay in the arms-race. Last week Mr Gaitskell crushed his H-bomb rebels. On neither occasion was a word said about Civil Defence. Except at the level of local councils, this has become the great taboo of British politics. The issue raises too many awkward questions to be admitted to effective debate. And so the public is left to its apathy and its bewilderment.

By contrast, the Americans are sitting up. Under the Eisenhower administration, a full-scale Civil Defence programme was vetoed on the grounds of expense: it would cost, calculated the experts, a minimum of $20,000m. Now the policy has changed. President Kennedy, convinced that some measure of Civil Defence is a necessary element in a 'credible deterrent', has increased the budgetary allocation by 700 per cent. He hopes to provide shelter-space for 50 million Americans and to market a government-subsidised 'home protection unit' for as little as $100. Meanwhile, a growing number of Americans are making their own provision. In California, fall-out shelters are outselling swimming-pools at the rate of ten to one. 'Provision for family security', one *paterfamilias* is quoted as saying, 'is a function of earning-power.'

The British public is inclined to smile at such antics. But the Americans are at least logical; they may also be realistic. Such fall-out shelters might save tens of millions of lives; their existence could also help to publicise America's will to resist – and hence to discourage Russia from pressing political issues to the physical test. The Swedes, too, believe their neutrality can best be underwritten by a demonstrable capacity to survive assault.

But what of Britain? Our obsolete V-bomber force constitutes a provocation rather than an effective deterrent. Yet, strictly speaking, we have no Civil Defence: all our fighter aircraft and ground-to-air rockets are deployed to defend airfields and launching-sites. What is termed Civil Defence is, in fact, a primitive, unco-ordinated relief programme, designed solely to tidy up after the holocaust.

As such, its limitations were devastatingly exposed a year ago in this journal by Dr Berembaum. His conclusion is worth repeating: 'The main purpose of Civil Defence is to soothe the fears of the electorate and to win support for the deterrent policy – a policy for which we have to pay now with our money and in the future, maybe, with our lives'. Now we are even closer to that moment of unpalatable truth.

We are not suggesting that the government should embark on an American-scale programme. Because of the distribution and density of population in Britain, the cost would wreck our economy. Moreover, the minimal warning we should receive would render most of them useless.

There are, in fact, only two courses left open to the government by its overall defence policy. The first is to create shelters for an administrative elite, to ensure that, in the event of nuclear war, some form of national organisation survives to cater for the needs of the surviving inhabitants. Such a scheme, though politically intolerable, would not be beyond our resources. The second course is to devise a diplomatic and military procedure to 'disengage' ourselves, at short notice, from a Soviet-US conflict. This would involve providing Russia with credible assurances that British weapons would not be employed in such a case and inhibiting the use of American bases in Britain.

It is difficult to see how either policy could be pursued in secret. And their public disclosure would be, to put it mildly, inconvenient to a government which seeks, on the one hand, to conceal the realities of nuclear war from the public and, on the other, to assert its unshakable faith in the Anglo-American aliance. For these reasons, our rulers intend to do neither. Their policy, in fact, stands Mr Micawber on his head: they just hope that nothing will turn up.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

Mr Macleod's Coronation

ANTHONY HOWARD

At least this year at Brighton the Conservatives had something to talk about. Not, of course, so much in the conference hall itself – where provocative motions such as those which openly mention 'Coloured immigrants' or cheerfully call for thugs to be given 'a taste of their own medicine' are safely tucked out of harm's way – but rather in the tea-rooms, the lounges and the foyers. Even before the delegates assembled Mr Macmillan's eve-of-conference shuffling of the pack had been widely acclaimed as yet another proof of the maestro's touch.

In London, from all accounts, women were weeping in the corridors of the Central Office – and strong men breaking down in the side streets of Smith Square – at the sheer skill, cunning and genius of it all. Such a wonderful new look without a single person actually being required to write one of those doom-laden letters ('Younger man', 'Return to other interests', 'Loyal support from back benches') that normally mar the general happiness of these occasions.

In Brighton, however, a day or two later, one has to record rather different impressions. Nothing so frightens the collective Conservative mind as that which it does not properly understand. And once the original excitement had worn off, what started as a mere undertone of enjoyable gossip suddenly assumed the proportions of a wave of alarm. Had Mr Butler really threatened resignation – the mouths fell apart at the very horror of the suggestion? And what about Mr Macleod? Was he really so tough that he had staked everything on the final finesse of returning the card dealt to him by the Prime Minister and demanding a second one as well as the Ace of Commons? The Conservative Party being what it is, it is possible only to report the questions: the answers remain written in men's hearts. Yet the very fact that such questions were being asked shows perhaps that the Prime Minister's coup had in the end rather different results from those that he must have intended.

It was, in fact, an uneasy conference – not made any better by the elaborate game of bluff and counter-bluff being played by the principal protagonists. To take the arrival first. At a quarter past six last Tuesday evening a Vauxhall Cresta glided up to the doors of the Grand Hotel, out stepped Mr Macleod – and, as a mere two or three cameras clicked, only a little local difficulty over opening the luggage boot prevented him from entering the hotel virtually unnoticed.

It was all very different with the Home Secretary half an hour later. The hat was raised, the walking stick held at its famous jaunty angle, the journalists' notebooks came out, the notes went down, the police saluted, Mr Butler beamed – the conquering hero appeared to have come. But that clearly was the way that Mr Butler (no stranger to stoical disguises) had decided to play it; and never once was the mask allowed to slip.

The real test, of course, came within the conference hall. Last year at Scarborough, the Tories had to gaze on one fallen idol – Lord Hailsham – and this year they found themselves confronted with two. It is perhaps doubtful whether the Tory party ever felt any genuine affection for Mr Butler – certainly it never loved him in the way that it loved Lord Woolton, or admired him in the manner that it used to gaze up for inspiration at Lord Hailsham. But somewhere deep down there was, one suspects, a not particularly comfortable feeling that without Mr Butler they would not all be sitting where they actually were. And it was perhaps that feeling, as well as a more obvious personal suspicion, that led to the extraordinarily tepid reception given to Mr Macleod as he rose to deliver his Colonial Office testament on Wednesday morning.

This lack of any fervour was particularly glaring as the whole conference had an hour or two earlier bawled its applause at the arrival of Lord Home – and then gone on to cheer him to the echo for what must have been as concentrated a collection of inanities as could be heard anywhere outside the Church Lads Brigade. 'Our actions must stem from the principles of Christian religion. They must be steeped in loyalty to the Crown and the constitution and the law. They must be inspired not by personal gain or loss, but by the determination to be of service to all.' The conference, not wholly unexpectedly, collapsed in ecstasy.

Mr Macleod, when the time and the challenge came, chose no such easy path. If he was going to be accepted, it was plainly going to be on his own terms. At the beginning the going was rough. When he remarked: 'And if I leave my successor many problems – and I do,' the silence was large and unfriendly. There was a restrained and sinister silence at a shrill interruption of 'You betrayed them all'; and a wave of shock seemed to go right through the entire audience when he singled out for commendation a fighting speech of the Bristol undergraduate who had been awarded the slow hand-clap by the delegates for his progressive pains.

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NEXT WEEK

Who Goes Where?

A special feature spotlighting current problems in the selection of students for university entrance. Contributors will include a Cambridge don and a grammar school headmaster.

By the end, however, Mr Macleod had ridden it all. When he predicted that the 'foolish men who denied the brotherhood of man' would be 'swept away', his audience nodded their heads in wise agreement; and when he confessed that, faced with the choice, he believed there was more risk in going too slowly than too fast, there came not a single shout of contradiction. Mr Macleod's final ovation may not have been freely given (in every row there were in fact delegates who sat stubbornly on their hands); but the applause had been won, however grudgingly it was conceded.

And Mr Butler? Throughout it all he had sat pensive, stroking his face, thinking his thoughts, perhaps reflecting that his own ordeal was to come. For all the morning one of the less attractive sights of Brighton had been Cyril Osborne in a mackintosh handing out off-prints of a letter that he had that morning written to the *Daily Telegraph*. The letter sternly warned delegates not to be 'beguiled by Mr Butler's charm'. Something, it appeared, must be done about immigration and it was Mr Butler's duty to do it.

The debate itself turned out to be rather an ugly one. It began extremely respectably – the question of colour, solemnly declared the opening speakers, could not be further from their thoughts. The matter was simply one of the general well-being and making commonsense arrangements for the convenience of all. It did not, however, take long for the show to be given away. First came Mr Frank Taylor, who, it was proudly announced, would be the Conservative candidate in the forthcoming Moss Side by-election. Mr Taylor knew exactly how to do the job. National Health benefits, large families, increase in leprosy, a man who hadn't done a stroke of work for eight years – all ending rather evocatively with a cry for 'a fair crack of the whip'. After that it only needed Mr Norman Pannell (the MP for Kirkdale) to fill in the gaps. He did it admirably with a statement that 'West Indians are not necessarily inferior to us, but they are different', and he went on to round the whole thing off with some stirring words about mingling their blood with ours.

It would be gratifying to report that Mr Butler – in his hour of darkness – took up the challenge. He did nothing of the kind; instead he chose to behave exactly as he has done so often before. He danced a graceful pirouette around the resolution and succeeded in satisfying no one. The conference, despite his appeal to it to think, like a jury, of the relative balancing factors, voted overwhelmingly for restrictions. And those who had thought to help the Home Secretary were left to limp quietly away having had their whole case betrayed by their supposed Captain.

If it was an inglorious end, it was not perhaps an inappropriate one. For it is possible to think that what has destroyed Mr Butler is the party conference. In those far-off days when the Conservatives did not bother about a national organisation – when the Parliamentary Chief Whip was in effect the party manager – his role would not have been anything like as difficult. But once membership began to be taken seriously – once Lord Woolton had got the customers actively to take an interest in the shop – the part of the quiet performer became impossible. The Conservative Party conference may still not matter, but those who go to it now think that it does. That was Mr Butler's tragedy and it is now Mr Macleod's opportunity.

Comments on the Week's News

Berlin

Slow Starvation

Mr Gromyko's inconclusive talks in Washington and London have at least helped to clarify Soviet tactics on Berlin. Mr Krushchev's fundamental strategy has always been plain: to stabilise the East German regime, first by securing some form of recognition; secondly by emasculating the disruptive power of West Berlin. It now looks as if he will secure his first object, whatever happens.

But what of the second? The Russians appear to recognise that any direct assault on Allied communications with the city, and still more on the western perimeter itself, would evoke a military response; and, to do them justice, they have from the start of the crisis repeatedly asserted that the right of access, at any rate of Allied personnel and supplies, will be fully guaranteed. The pressure they intend to exert will fall exclusively on the economic and constitutional links which bind West Berlin to the Federal Republic. Apart from anything else, they are here on much firmer legal ground.

Moreover, they may already have won the battle without firing a shot. The dynamic behind the West Berlin success story has always been the future vision of re-unification. The West Germans have striven desperately to keep Berlin going, as a political and social unit, as a great industrial complex, and above all as a major centre of population because they realise that if the old capital of Germany withers away there will be no physical focus for re-unification.

Now the policy is crumbling. On 13 August the Allies permitted the East Germans to erect a physical barrier across the city; this, in itself, is a heavy blow to the economic viability of the western sector; it also has a grave psychological effect, for it confirms the division of what was nominally a unit. If, in addition, the Allies now go on to accord *de facto* recognition to East Germany, even the most adamant West German politicians – and still more German industrialists – will be forced to concede that re-unification is no longer, even in theory, an attainable object. And once this is conceded, West Berlin loses much of its *raison d'être*. Hence, even without any further Soviet move, we must expect to see a gradual loss of confidence in West Berlin, followed by a decline in economic activity, the withdrawal of both capital and population.

Soviet tactics, hinted at in Mr Gromyko's talk with President Kennedy, are to hasten this process by emphasising, in any agreement, Berlin's separation from the Federal Republic. They will insist, for instance, on a separate currency and on calling a halt to the surreptitious constitutional links which have been forged over the past five years. They may also ask for limitations – or the right to impose them – on civil traffic down the corridors.

Naturally the West will bargain about such matters. But it may be well to consider, at this stage, whether the West will necessarily lose anything by permitting Soviet tactics to succeed. Once the overthrow of the East German regime is ruled out as too dangerous, there is no profit – and much risk – in maintaining Berlin as a power-house of capitalist freedom within the Iron Curtain. There is more to be gained, perhaps, by transforming it into some form of UN centre. This could provide more effective guarantees of liberty for its remaining inhabitants (we might even manage to secure a UN 'presence' in the corridors, an arrangement which would both eliminate incidents and help President Kennedy to 'sell' the agreement to US public opinion) and constitute an important enlargement of UN influence. Those who oppose such a solution as a 'betrayal' of 17 million East Germans should reflect that, at present, we can do little to help them – short of engineering their total destruction.

Moscow

A Modicum of Optimism

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: Although official newspapers here continue to impress on their readers that the western powers are openly preparing for thermonuclear war, commentators on international affairs are showing a modicum of optimism about developments since the General Assembly reconvened. True, they qualify their review of the world scene by saying that it would be wrong to assume there were no obstacles in the way of the 'sobering wave' that is sweeping through the world, but their general tone is very different from the one to which they were prompted by Krushchev's television address last August. In an authoritative round-up of recent events on the international scene, *Izvestia* considers that the 16th Session has got off to a successful start and directs its readers' attention to what from the Soviet point of view are its positive achievements rather than to any setbacks to Soviet policies. Gratification is expressed that the question of 'restoring to People's China its legitimate rights in the United Nations' has been included by the General Assembly on its agenda for the first time, and that the Soviet disarmament plan appears to be winning more and more supporters.

But the main reasons for satisfaction lie in the changes *Izvestia* finds in the western approach to the Berlin question. 'Look at the staggering metamorphosis of the western press!' it writes. 'In early September it qualified the GDR government's moves on the sectoral border in Berlin almost as the coming of Doomsday. Now the very same newspapers admit with unconcealed astonishment and reluctance that these measures have helped to stabilise the situation. . . . In early September only the brave could afford to hint that it was necessary to extend recognition to the GDR. Today they no longer hint but demand it, and these demands are no longer qualified as daring but as realistic thinking. . .'

Implied in the measured satisfaction with which the Soviet press is regarding developments in the international situation is the conviction that the military measures taken here in the name of strengthening national defence have had a beneficial success. In his talks with Mr Nehru and other recent visitors, Mr Krushchev expressed the view that the resumption of testing was the only way of sobering those in the west who brandished weapons at the Soviet Union without paying serious attention to his proposals for solutions of the Berlin, German and disarmament problems. He admitted that the resumption of tests would probably shock Soviet sympathisers and opponents of nuclear armament abroad, but expressed hope that in the long run they would realise that this was the only realistic way of attaining a settlement of issues dangerous to world peace.

The Colonies

Macleod's Handover

What Conservatives in Britain think of Mr Iain Macleod is still obscure. What the rest of the Commonwealth thinks is beyond doubt. To the racialists of Africa and their friends his name has been anathema. To emergent nationalist politicians – and to liberal opinion everywhere – he is recognised as a friend at court, who could not always deliver the goods, but who could be trusted. Dr Hastings Banda spoke for a whole new world in proclaiming (at a moment when the affairs of Nyasaland were still deadlocked and tense) that Macleod enjoyed his personal trust as 'a Christian gentleman'. In face of unprecedented vilification and personal intrigue by Sir Roy Welensky and his associates, and of unusual disloyalty from some party colleagues at home, Macleod has usually shown courage, integrity and tactical skill: he may well be remembered as the best of British Colonial Secretaries, not excluding his greatly underrated predecessor, Arthur Creech-Jones.

Nevertheless he hands over to Mr Maudling (an able, tolerant man, who is a completely unknown quantity in the colonial field) some explosive problems. This week's agreement on Uganda, for instance, is a tribute to Macleod's diplomatic skill; but it has been reached by the device of shelving the most troublesome obstacle, the feudal administration in Buganda. Macleod's good faith has been so much accepted by Africans that he could perhaps proceed on the basis of such a 'conditional' agreement – which, in effect, gives the Colonial Secretary just a year to solve a problem which is at present insoluble. Whether Maudling (advised by a Governor who does not enjoy the full confidence of many of the African leaders) will be able to construct something permanent on this flimsy base remains to be seen. Uganda will not enjoy more than temporary political stability until the principle of democratic election is accepted even in Buganda.

In Kenya, again, the hopes which were raised at the end of the constitutional conference have been frustrated; and here Macleod is to blame in having apparently failed to appreciate in time the crucial importance of having KANU in the government. The belated release of Kenyatta has, of course, done no harm, but it has not done the good it might have done earlier. The root problem in Kenya now is the fear of the smaller tribes – the Masai and the Coastal and Kipsingi-speaking tribes – that they will be dominated by the Kikuyu-Luo coalition. Despite the obvious objections, some sort of federal scheme may now offer the best chance of early advance.

The real test, however, for Maudling – as for Macleod – is in Central Africa, where Sir Roy Welensky and Sir Edgar Whitehead are not only crafty and ruthless opponents of British policy, but have made themselves in most African eyes the very symbols of racialism and colonialism. If in two years' time Maudling is hated by these men as much as Macleod is now, he will have proved himself a worthy successor.

India

Balance of Tensions

A Correspondent in New Delhi writes: Meeting in South India, where secessionists are more strident perhaps than elsewhere, the All-India Congress Committee endorsed the ideas on national integration which the Delhi conference had adopted a fortnight ago. A challenge to separatist forces, where they seem most uninhibited, was implicit in the choice of the Committee's meeting place. That challenge was aggressively spelt out in Mr Nehru's speeches. He denounced 'loose talk of separation' and declared that separation would be resisted even if such resistance should mean civil war. Nehru is deliberately restrained and careful in addressing mass audiences. His more peppery words are reserved for more select and sophisticated ears. That he spoke so unreservedly to mixed gatherings suggests a realisation that the problem must now be faced openly and sternly. More, it indicates confidence that separatist impulses are well within Delhi's power to control.

The southern separatists, who form what may be roughly termed the Dravidanad or Dravidasthan party, have a superficial appeal to people who good-naturedly accept them at their face value. Others remember the party principally for its extravagances, among which is its literary ambition to rewrite the Ramayan. The party's top leaders feel the current version of this great Hindu epic is an Aryan perversion of an original Dravidian story; that the Aryans twisted the original in order to exalt their own virtues and downgrade Dravidian culture. Probably, no one in the party has ever heard of Arnold Toynbee and his references to 'Aryan barbarians'; but, if his writings were known to them, they would hail him as their intellectual inspiration.

The party's political ambition is equally grandiose – the formation of Dravidanad, comprising the present Madras state as well as neighbouring Kerala, Andhra and Mysore. What these neighbouring states feel about the plan to dispose of their political future in this way does not seem to worry the party elite. There is, however, shrewdly realistic economic reasoning behind this expansionist extravaganza. The Madras state is too poor to stand by itself. In fact, no single state in India at present is economically viable. It has been said that all of them are in effect feudatories of the federal centre. Central grants and loans and a share in central taxes form their financial backbone. This economic dependence on Delhi is among the most powerful binding forces at work in India.

If Mr Nehru faces the problem of the southern state or of Punjab without undue anxiety, what of the student trouble in Aligarh University and elsewhere in his home state, following hard on the heels of the integration conference? Aligarh University, a predominantly Muslim institution with a large number of Hindu students, has had an unhappy history recently. An official committee of inquiry found instances of mismanagement and corruption, and the Vice-Chancellor's conduct was strongly criticised in parliament last session. He is blamed again for failing to anticipate and counteract certain obviously communalist trends. A point in his favour, however, is that relations between Hindu and Muslim students have been untroubled hitherto.

It was noted at the Delhi conference that while communalist tensions are evident, there is what may be called a balance of tensions which sustains the Indian way of life. Congressmen vividly realise the danger of linguistic loyalties; yet the Congress government of the country has yielded time and again to demands for the creation of linguistic states. On the other hand, the new linguistic states are not unilingual; more than one language is officially recognised in each state. More than that, along with the process of linguistic division, the states so divided have been drawn together into four regional councils which deal with problems on a regional level and thus counteract linguistic exclusiveness.

Housing

A Change for the Better

A Special Correspondent writes: On 29 September the LCC published some alarming figures about homeless families in metropolitan London. Their numbers have gone up by 20 per cent this year; the reception centres are full; and more than 9,000 children – a record figure – have had to be placed in public care, the increase being chiefly due to the homelessness of their parents. It is tragic that this should happen in the year which marks the LCC's welcome change of policy, under which the fathers and elder children of homeless families need no longer be excluded at the reception centre. Critics of this policy will of course blame it for the upsurge of new applications, on the ground that a powerful 'deterrent' to homelessness has been recklessly scrapped. In fact the public and its welfare advisers have not yet been officially informed of the new policy; and in any case the new reception centre, which is part of it, opened less than a fortnight before the LCC's figures were published.

Homeless families still have to apply to one of the three 'Area Admitting Offices' or – out of office hours – direct to the notorious Newington Lodge, where there have lately been as many as 20 applications in one weekend. Naturally hopes of closing this abomination are fast receding, to the LCC's distress. But what seems odd is that the Council should now find it necessary to set up a committee of inquiry into the causes of recent pressure; for the reasons for individual homelessness have always been rigorously checked. Indeed it is the results of such checking – one shows that eviction for rent arrears has been a very minor cause – which have been used to justify the new non-punitive policy.

The biggest new cause of homelessness has long been obvious to anyone who handles notices to quit. It is the decontrol of new tenancies which, in metropolitan London, was already running at 80,000 a year by 1959. Although this form of decontrol dates from the passing of the Rent Act in July 1957, it was always clear that the homeless problem would not at once be seriously affected. Landlords were unlikely to want to get rid of their tenants the moment they had taken them in, and some tenants were granted leases which have since expired. Most, however, have had only weekly or monthly tenancies; and the landlords concerned have been curiously slow to realise that such tenants of *unfurnished* accommodation could be got rid of even more easily than those in furnished rooms, since they are ineligible for protection by the Rent Tribunals. Many of the smaller landlords, who previously jibbed at solicitors' fees, have recently been taking advantage of the statutory provision for legal advice, which came into force only in 1959. And, in doing so, many have also discovered that their controlled tenants, whom they had assumed to be immovable, are not necessarily so. With the growing shortage of lettable property the consequent upshooting of decontrolled rents and the mounting greed of property owners, more and more controlled tenants are being winkled out – both by legitimate means and by trickery.

Stevenage

A Tribute to Planning?

A Special Correspondent writes: A few weeks back Mr Gerry Anstock, a Stevenage headmaster, went into his local pub for a drink. Whilst he was there he was shown the Revised Master Plan for the future development of Stevenage and, as a citizen of Stevenage, was outraged.

What had he seen? In his own words, he had seen 'a denial of the principles on which this town was built'. Stevenage New Town was originally conceived as a set of interlocking neighbourhoods with a common town centre. In between each neighbourhood were preserved enchanting clumps of woodland and great sweeps of rolling meadow. Country and town were beautifully inter-penetrated. It seems certain that the majority of Stevenage people think very highly of this principle, and have grown passionately fond of the strip of forest and patches of farmland enclosed within the town. But according to what Anstock saw in the pub, the planners intend to build over Fairlands Valley, the most magnificent of Stevenage's open spaces.

Fashions have changed since Stevenage was built. The 'neighbourhood' principle is out of favour, and the mood is all for more compact and total housing. Sceptics say that the open spaces may be very lovely, but land values are rising and all the pressures must be to convert them into housing. Others point to the government's failure to build more new towns and direct London's spilling population elsewhere.

Since Anstock had his famous pint, many resentments and helpless suspicions have floated to the surface. Helpless because though Stevenage citizens elect councillors like everyone else, these councillors have only very limited power. Many people I've met feel that the town's future and their future lies overwhelmingly in the hands of the Development Corporation – beyond the reach of the ballot box. And they feel too that the Corporation's responsibility is not to them or Stevenage, but to the profit-and-loss columns in its own account books. All this may be unfair, but it is important that people have come to believe it. I've heard it said again and again that the townsfolk expect the Corporation eventually to sell Stevenage to one of the large insurance companies – 'That's why we must dig our heels in and fight now, let them know we're here'.

Since the Corporation does not challenge these attitudes, it becomes hard to distinguish between fact and opinion. But Stevenage seems to have made up its own mind about the basic facts, and its mood is one of angry resistance. Yet for all this the planners must have done a better job than has been previously recognised. It was said that they knew how to build a New Town, but not a new community. And once they could draw and redraw their blueprints at leisure, and there was nothing except cows and squirrels and beech trees to oppose them. Today they have an angry community on their hands. It is an ironical tribute to their original work.

Singapore

The British Base

A Special Correspondent writes: This week's announcement that Tungku Abdul Rahman, Prime Minister of Malaya, is visiting London next month to discuss with the new Colonial Secretary both the Malaysian project and, in particular, the future of British bases in Singapore, must be taken in conjunction with recent utterances by Lee Kuan Yew.

The Singapore Prime Minister has been dropping strong hints to the British government to stop 'sitting on the fence' over the projected merger between Singapore and Malaya, about which he and Tungku Abdul Rahman have come so near agreement. Lee is right, and the matter is urgent. One aim of merger is that Singapore shall share sovereignty over its defence with Malaya. This would mean the end of Britain's colonial ownership of the Singapore base. Instead, treaty arrangements such as already govern the Commonwealth bases in independent Malaya would be substituted. Under such a treaty, Britain would have no automatic right to use the Singapore base for Seato purposes, and that is the rub for the British government. But Lee Kuan Yew's design, which is to cut the ground away from the anti-western and Communist extremists of Singapore by ending the 'stigma' of a colonial relation with Britain, is of great importance. The extreme Barisan Socialists, in order to prevent the merger with Malaya which would mean their own eclipse, are likely to offer temporary acquiescence in British control of Singapore defence. The British government will be dupes if they play that game. A Barisan victory would mean Singapore's continued isolation and its development into a centre of anti-westernism, Chinese racialism and Communism. The paramount purpose in Malaysia must be the integration of the dangerously separate Chinese elements through a Singapore-Malaya merger.

Brazil

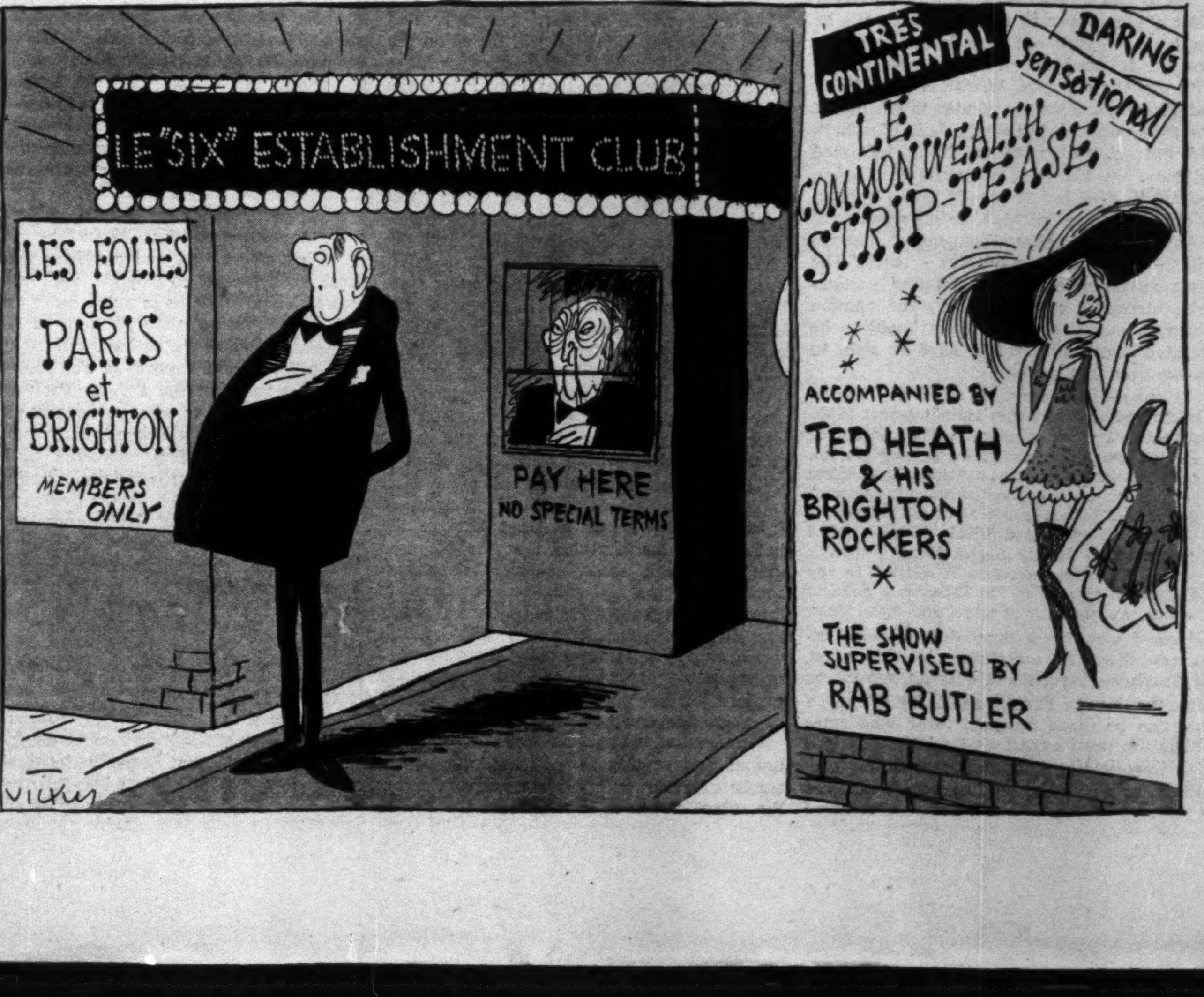
Will Ye No Come Back Again?

A Correspondent in Brazil writes: The belief is growing here that the investiture of João Goulart as President to succeed Janio Quadros has been only a temporary remedy to avoid civil war. In the press and in parliament the events of the end August-beginning September are referred to as the most serious political and military crisis Brazil has faced since independence. Recent weeks have seen not only a change in the political regime but also a most significant crisis within the armed forces. The latter have claimed for many years to be the only factor in the country able to maintain political stability. It is now clear that the army is split and that progressive ideas have penetrated into both its rank and file and the High Command. In fact it was only a small military clique which opposed the investiture of João Goulart and threatened military dictatorship, a thing which the overwhelming majority of Brazilians do not want.

The compromise which enabled João Goulart to be appointed president was the vote taken *ad hoc* by the two legislative houses, which changed the presidential system into a parliamentary one. The practical result of this change is that a great deal of executive power passes from the president to the new office of prime minister. In other words, the US style presidential regime has been abolished and instead a western European parliamentary regime has been installed. Although President Goulart solemnly accepted parliament's action and promised to adhere to the new system, few believe he really means it.

The first weeks of Goulart's rule have now shown that there is little chance that the new system will work. There are already conflicts between the President and the Prime Minister on one hand, and parliament and the President on the other. Indeed Goulart has acted so far as if the presidential system were still in operation. Many politicians and ordinary Brazilians question the viability of the parliamentary system in a country which urgently needs radical reforms to develop its natural resources, stabilise the currency, eradicate corruption and develop huge areas where millions of people live in utter misery.

The sudden resignation of Janio Quadros still remains a mystery. At the time he said that 'terrible reactionary forces in Brazil and outside it made it impossible for me to continue', but be did not give any details. His resignation bewildered millions of Brazilians who brought him to power last October – chiefly industrial workers, white-collar workers and the lower middle class. His cardinal fault was that he did not do enough for his supporters during the seven months of his rule. He was strongly opposed, for instance, to raising the minimum wage. No doubt if he had done something concrete for his natural supporters, they would not have let him go easily. However, his lieutenants have already started to reorganise themselves. A leading São Paulo daily published recently a significant cartoon entitled 'The Sword of Damocles', showing President Goulart with a huge sword suspended over his head. The sword carried the inscription 'Return'.



Fleet Street

More Thoughts on Slickey

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes*: To pry or not to pry – that, it seems, is the question. Since I wrote here with some nausea of the techniques employed by some elements of Fleet Street in trailing John Osborne and Penelope Gilliatt, I have had such a spate of letters that I think it may be worth while taking another look at what I conceive to be the principles involved. Let me begin by saying that those newspaper people who have written or spoken to me – especially working journalists who know that they may be summoned by their news editor and told to trail a celebrity's car or hide under the trees in a garden to see what light goes on in which window – have thanked me for expressing publicly what most of them feel about this sort of operation. Most of them, to quote the editor of one excellent local weekly, feel strongly about 'the contempt from which we all suffer to some extent as a result of these muckrakers'. (This editor suggests that in many instances it is not staff-men who are involved but free-lance news-tipsters, often with hardly a properly accredited journalist among them. I agree that sometimes it is. But the men who followed Mr Osborne around were staff-men dispatched by the *Pictorial*, the *Mirror*, the *Express*, the *Mail* and the *Telegraph* to wring every last titivating trifle from the private lives of two people who happen to be in the public eye.)

But to give the voices for the defence. Among the many, there were two I think that expressed particularly interesting points of view. One argued that, since Osborne is regarded by many (including the writer of the letter) as a literary genius, it is as legitimate to be interested in facts about his private life, as an aid to reaching an assessment of him, as it is for a biographer to give all the details he can lay his hands on. This is an appealing thought. It would be nice to think of the editors of the *Pictorial, Mirror, Express, Mail* and *Telegraph* solemnly pondering whether it was their public duty to help their 17 million odd paying readers to reach an informed judgment on the literary merits of *Luther*, and all deciding independently that a minute-by-minute account of Mr Osborne's week-end movements was what the genuine literary critic – all 17 million of him – needs. The other correspondent whom I found particularly interesting expressed flatly the opinion that as a matter of principle it ought to be accepted that public people have no right to private lives. Let me quote:

> Famous people are news, and if they behave oddly and/or badly they cannot expect to do so under a cloak of privacy. The concept of the 'private life' seems to be gaining ground, but I am sure it contains a deep fallacy. There is a clear and obvious distinction between public and private *people*, but the distinction between the public and private life of a public personality is largely bogus. What a man is *really like* as an individual is relevant to any assessment of him as, for instance, a political leader or a purveyor of moral and social ideas.

Now I would not deny that in some instances there is something in this view. Although we have, thank Heaven, moved on since the days of Parnell and Kitty O'Shea, a case can be made out that those who enter public life must expect that where their private lives impinge on their public responsibilities, or where the kind of people they are is relevant in judging the validity of some of the principles they express, this is a matter of legitimate public interest. It can also be argued that where private lives have public consequences, the public should know.

There is a case for suggesting, for example, that if the facts about Lloyd George's woman-hunting recently disclosed in an unfilial biography by his eldest son had been more widely known at the time, some of the motives of that highly moral man Stanley Baldwin in setting himself to drive Lloyd George out of effective public life might have been more generally comprehended. And that since these played their part in the political history of the times, they ought to have been known. It can also be argued that excessive newspaper reticence towards Establishment figures distorts the image of society which it is the business of the press to mirror as accurately as it can, even if in the process of doing so it cuts some public figures down to size and shows them to be more human.

All this can be said. But can it be said to have any relevance whatever to the kind of prying persecution, hour by hour, to which Mr Osborne and Mrs Gilliatt were subjected or the nauseating piling up of unimportant detail on unimportant detail which distinguished several of the journalistic masterpieces to which I referred? Mr Osborne is a playwright who has not hesitated to express his low opinions of the press – as well as, it must be said, of many of the rest of us. Mrs Gilliatt did as much as anybody in the course of a witty survey of their activities in *Queen* magazine to force some gossip columns to mend their ways. For this reason neither is loved by the press. But does this give newspapers a licence to follow them around in the hope of regaling its readers with whatever private tit-bit its sleuths are lucky enough to come across in the process? I am all for a press that is prepared to risk tripping into vulgarity at times rather than opting for a universal blandness. But I can conceive of no principle of public interest that provides any justification for this sort of story.

Finally the oddest letters of all – from Miss Marghanita Laski and a number of others. As non-readers of the *Telegraph, Mirror, Express, Mail* and *Pictorial* they knew nothing of this business until they read it in this column. Therefore they reproach the NEW STATESMAN, in varying tones of sorrow, for itself spreading dirt. Seventeen million readers of these papers had read these stories at nauseating length and in still more nauseating detail. But Miss Laski and the rest had not: therefore I should have kept silent? If they had read any of these papers they would know that what was quoted here was the barest minimum essential to support the charges I made. If this column is open to criticism it is that it bowdlerised too much to present a really adequate picture of the depths to which the *Telegraph* and the others sank. This is the only column regularly appearing anywhere that subjects the press to consistent independent criticism. Do Miss Laski and her fellow critics seriously contend that, for fear of telling them something they do not know, I should give Fleet Street notice that as far as I am concerned it can do and say what it likes. Not even for Miss Laski am I prepared either to stay silent when I think some newspapers deliberately debase journalism and public life to pander for circulation, or to make serious charges against them (or anybody else) without giving the evidence on which what I say can be judged.

Labour's Call to Action

For a few weeks, the party images created at Blackpool and Brighton will linger on the public retina. But what will matter far more this autumn is the way that Labour and the Tories react to the looming industrial crisis. It is not conference delegates but strikers who are likely to be in the news.

This crisis, moreover, differs from previous trials of strength between the unions and employers. In the past the government maintained a pretence of impartiality, and the Ministry of Labour could sometimes intervene to good effect. That is no longer true. The government itself has provoked the unions, by its general economic policy and, specifically, by the attempt to impose a 'pay-pause'. Mr Selwyn Lloyd, abetted by his Cabinet colleagues, has already disrupted and may even jettison the system of arbitration which, for a generation, has made the public sector a model of orderly wage negotiation.

The Tory press, of course, will make what capital it can out of unofficial disputes, of rows about tea-breaks at Dagenham or the 'scandal' of the shut-down at the Margam steelworks. But such incidents are almost irrelevant to the real situation. For the first time a British government is failing to honour implicit and explicit contracts with its own employees. It is trying to make those who are in the public service – and are thus in the weakest position to bargain – bear the brunt of its incompetent housekeeping.

Hence the struggle is less between the unions and employers – in the case of the teachers, for instance, their employers accept the salary claim – than between the unions and the government. This, inevitably, gives political overtones to the struggle. Secondly, for once the whole trade union movement is going into the attack, with Mr Carron, Sir Tom Williamson and Sir Robert Gould in the same mood of anger as Mr Cousins. The unions that are in the van, moreover, are not the traditional militants, such as the railwaymen, busmen, miners and engineers, but groups that have always been the most moderate and least political. When the government has singled out and penalised teachers, local government employees, civil servants and technical staffs, it is much more difficult for it to pretend that there is a sinister conspiracy against the national interest than it is to pillory Frank Cousins or Ted Hill.

In this situation the Labour Party has to make up its mind to what extent and in what ways it will associate itself with the trade union campaign. This concerns both the party's attitude towards industrial action and the nature of its attack on the government in the pre-election period. Its response to these problems may be even more relevant to the election result than either its new programme or the impression its leaders make when they appear on TV. For, in the long run, the public judges a party less by the impact it makes when it puts itself consciously on show than by the way it consistently meets the searching tests of real life.

Anyone who recalls how the fuel crisis of 1947 cruelly revealed the shortcomings of the Labour government can understand this point. It was made again when Suez wrecked the Eden administration. It may soon seem, in retrospect, that none of the skills imported from Madison Avenue can erase the blunder Mr Lloyd made with his surtax concession this spring. For politics is not simply an orderly procession of conferences, campaigns, parliamentary debates and TV shows. It is a struggle for power, in which political parties play an important but not an exclusive role.

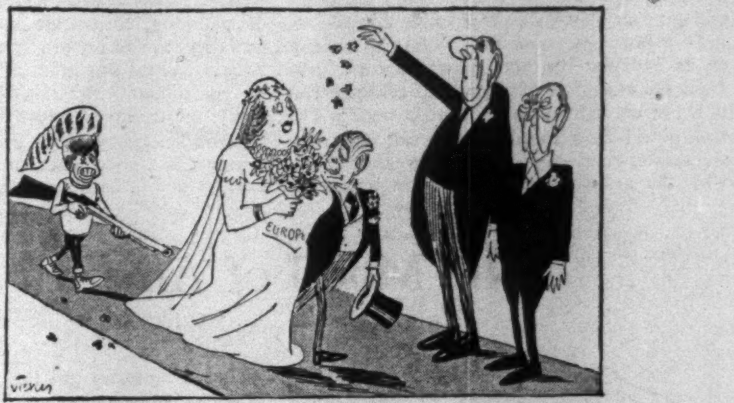
This fact should not surprise Socialists. But Labour's parliamentary leadership, always anxious to establish its constitutional respectability and geared to the electoral cycle, has never fully appreciated it. Since the General Strike, at least, it has been one of the canons of Labour's creed that industrial action should not be used for political ends. This division of labour between the trade union movement and the Labour politicians has suited both sides, for it has left the unions free to bargain directly with employers, including the government of the day, while the Labour Party has been able to avoid the constitutional hazards of direct implication in industrial disputes.

Today, however, the government is making this distinction meaningless. It is the government which plans to precipitate an industrial crisis for political purposes, not organised labour. It has shown bad faith and bad judgement in its dealings with its own employees. It has made sensible wage negotiation almost impossible for teachers and other servants of local authorities. It has forced industrial unions to take a strong stand against it at a time when it seeks their co-operation in some kind of economic 'planning'. It has, in short, imposed a regressive wages policy in the most tactless fashion imaginable – and all to find some way out of the difficulties it has itself created.

In all these circumstances Labour leadership must rid itself of the fear that trade union action is an electoral liability, and it must be prepared to give the unions the political support which is the indispensable complement to an effective industrial campaign. One may understand the anxiety that some Labour leaders felt last week, when Mr Cousins talked of strikes that would make 'a noticeable impact': whatever the rights and wrongs of the 1959 bus strike, there is no doubt that it has left bitter memories. But Mr Gaitskell and his colleagues now have the choice only between formal support and active partisanship for the unions. Since in either case they will incur the odium of the press, they may as well choose the course that offers gains as well as possible losses.

For a Socialist party cannot pick and choose between the issues on which it fights, or hope that at some future election it will be judged solely on the merits of its carefully-drafted programme or the statesmanship of its leaders. Mr Crossman rightly called for 250,000 dedicated crusaders to carry the Labour message to the electorate, but the recruits for this Gideon's Army will not be raised by waiting for Labour Party members to memorise *Signposts for the Sixties*. They, and the public, will respond only to a leadership which proves by its action – at all times – that it means business.

But action does not take place in a political vacuum. It must be consistent both with the tactical needs of a given situation and with the dictates of a larger strategy. And it is in this respect that Labour has failed in the last decade. It did not lack specific issues: it simply lacked a systematic critique of contemporary society to which these issues could be consistently related. For this reason it lived from one day to the next, torn by rambling



REMEMBER? This is one of the Vicky drawings you have enjoyed during the past year. There are many other people who might have appreciated it too – people who do not read the NEW STATESMAN but would enjoy it if they did.

It is with such people in mind that we invite readers at this odd time of year to give reduced-rate subscriptions to the NEW STATESMAN as Christmas presents to friends overseas. Christmas is still some way ahead, but action is necessary now if first copies are to reach their destination by the right day. (A similar offer to friends in this country will be made later.)

A gift subscription costs only £1 for 40 weeks or 10s for 20 weeks – little more than half the usual rate. It can be sent to any address in the world, the only restriction being that, so far as you know, the recipient is a bona fide new reader. Recipients will be informed by us of the name of the donor and are under no obligation to continue buying the paper after the expiry of the gift subscription.

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feuds about policy, and unable to find a central purpose which could both unify the party and provide it with a clear guide for action.

That unhappy phase may at last be coming to its end, for the new party platform provides the essentials of a Socialist critique. But it is not enough to know what is wrong. The task now facing Socialists is to explain to the electorate, every day and in the greatest detail, why the system under which we live leads inevitably to strikes, to inadequate health, welfare and education services, to the collapse of planning, to double standards of social morality, to the growth of monopoly and inequality. Once this point is grasped there will be no difficulty in raising Mr Crossman's army, or sending it into fight. And the growing conflict between the unions and the government is a good place to begin. An army is best trained in battle, not the lecture-hall.

The Mood of America

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Psychologically, 1961 in the United States bears an alarming resemblance to 1938 in Britain. War, which previously seemed 'unthinkable', slowly becomes 'inevitable' in the minds of millions; nuclear war against which no defence was thought possible is being made to appear a horror which has to be faced and in which every individual is encouraged to believe he may, with a little bit of luck and foresight, somehow escape death.

On the bus that brought me from the airport into New York two men sitting near me agreed that there would soon be a war and that there was not much sense in putting it off. New York would be destroyed? It seemed an unlikely event on that hot sunny day as we drove towards this fantastic panorama of cloud-capped towers. But the man next to me said: 'Well I guess that could happen, but I'm over 50 now and I don't care much. I might have felt differently when I was 20.'

These men were not interested in Kennedy's negotiations. They were Republicans, angry with him and Congress for giving away money to foreigners who did not matter to America anyway. They did not know any particular reason for war; they just believed that Krushchev was 'pushing America around in Berlin'. Cuba and Laos looked to them much as Hitler in the Sudetenland looked to Britain in 1938; any chosen issue was like any other; the fellow had got to be stopped, and America could afford to do it, whatever the price.

This attitude is being recklessly encouraged by the Republican press here – and that means the vast majority of the press. The Soviet tests have popularised the notion of fall-out shelters, and commercial interests have not been slow to seize their opportunity. I have been turning the leaves of many papers and magazines. Here, for instance, is a picture of a pretty girl wearing a kind of necklace – a geiger counter. Here is an advert for a 'hand operated ventilator' for a fall-out shelter at $49.95. In Alabama, I see, the cost of building a shelter ranks for tax-relief.

Life magazine recently carried a message from President Kennedy announcing a programme of shelter construction for the next year and a half. Public buildings are to be provided with shelters for 50 persons or more, with food and medical supplies for a week and water for two weeks; and a bigger programme is promised for the future. There follows a series of drawings of shelters suited to all purses. The people inside them are having fun, picnicking in shelters in their back gardens or playing games in concrete holes under the kitchen floor. In one really lovely shelter a laughing girl lies on her back telephoning, presumably to her boy friend in another shelter, who, I suppose, is making a date for a chocolate sundae at the drug store when this spot of bother is over.

In the magazine *America*, a Jesuit priest faces a much discussed problem of Christian morals: how to cope with a mob that may want to share the shelter that you, in your prudence, have provided for your family? He concludes that, if you are alone, it will be 'heroic' Christianity to give your life for another; but your first duty is to your relatives, and you will be justified in carrying a revolver and shooting trespassers if there is no other way of keeping them out. Far more shocking is *Life's* propaganda designed to assuage fear by the pretence that these shelters give real hope of survival to those who pay their 600 or 2,000 dollars to build them. *Life* actually headlines the news that not more than about five million Americans (that is three per cent) need die in a nuclear war. The Secretary of Defence's figure of 50 millions and Kennedy's reported figure of 70 million are also quite unrealistic, but they are not plainly false.

Newsweek, more honest than some of its competitors, quotes from the report of an official government committee which warns readers against false advertising of 'useless gadgets' and expensive shelters that would be only 'potential tombs'. Other experts point out that the proposed shelters provide only against fall-out, while the reality would be death by blast and, above all, by 'fire storm' which would cut out all the oxygen over the areas where these supposedly comfortable people are having high jinks in their fall-out shelters. One member of the Scientists' Committee on Radiation is quoted as saying that 'anything under the fire storm is usually killed. Shelters are a very poor idea'.

A man who is in a position to know exactly what the scientists are saying, tells me that the usual estimate of total destruction over an area with a ten-mile radius is absurdly optimistic, because a bomb that destroys everything by blast in such an area inevitably starts a fire storm that destroys absolutely *everything* in a 200 mile radius. Think about this for a minute and you are likely to decide that the type of propaganda now put out to reassure Americans that only a small percentage of them would die in a nuclear war is as cynical as any statement ever uttered on either side of the Iron Curtain.

You will ask whether there is no 'other side' in the United States. Excellent articles of course appear by Walter Lippmann and others in the *Washington Post* and other democratic papers, which counter the assumption of inevitable war. There are also small radical or pacifist groups which continue to function in an overwhelmingly conformist world. Individual letters of protest appear in some of the papers I have quoted. *Look* magazine, *Life's* rival on the bookstalls, prints a letter (amongst others rejoicing in the destructive power of the Polaris missile) which suggests that the 'maniacal ravings of Hitler's Germany' never produced anything more preposterous than the statement that 'Polaris . . . will be combat-fired only after most of us are dead'. The correspondent asks whether Americans are really so blind as not to see the implications of this and congratulates the British on marching in humane protest.

Such sentiments rarely find their way into the mass-circulation press. How many letters of this kind are dropped into editorial waste-paper baskets, I don't of course know. References to Britain's CND or the Committee of 100 are infrequent, as indeed are references of any kind to Britain. I searched the big newspapers the other day for any proof of interest in the UK and found only one small paragraph of gossip. There is a notion that Britain is afraid of nuclear war. I have asked whether the Trafalgar Square demonstrations have been reported and I am told that the only event that attracted press attention was the arrest of Lord Russell.

This does not mean that the significance of protests, especially on missile sites, makes no impression on the Administration in Washington. Indeed I believe these demonstrations have been taken seriously there. It is because the British are held to be less reliable allies than the West Germans that Butler decided, so unwisely, on a policy of mass arrests in Trafalgar Square; and for the same reason Lord Home made a speech before the United Nations that was much more bellicose than the sentiments of either the government or the British people.

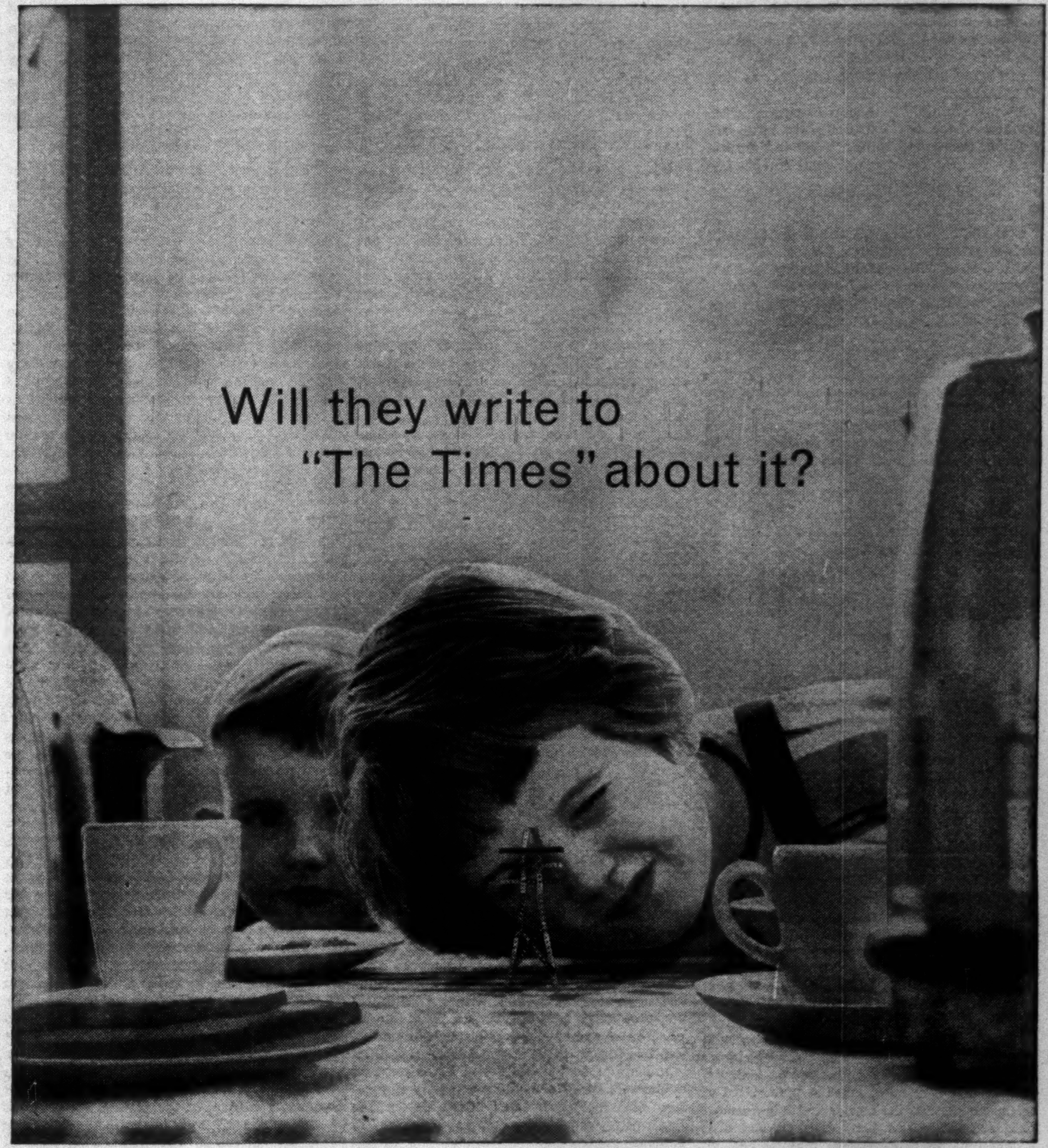
At the moment the great difference between the two countries is that the British are not deluded about the nature of the war, if it comes; while in America a deliberate and cold-blooded effort is being made to persuade the public that it will come – if not now before very long – and that, when it does come, America can win it and that it won't really be so very bad after all.

Brighton Diary

CHARON

'No one can be altogether good in Brighton,' wrote Richard Jefferies, 'and that is the great charm of it.' Perhaps the *genius loci* is having its influence on the Conservative conference. At the rink in West Street – always hold your political conferences on ice or sand – 'Workers' Skating Time' had been suspended; arguments over ashtrays; some most unexpected literature on sale. Three book titles: *Sharks are Caught at Night*; *Feather Bedding*; *Down in the Drink*.

Until Friday we are all Tory. Saturday will see the *News of the World* outing. And on Sunday International Wrestling will be back with the Mightiest of the Mongolians, Ghengis Khan, against the Russian heavyweight, Ivan Joseph Zaharoff – 'ready to wrestle with anyone from overseas'. At the clairvoyante's in South Street I consulted Madame Fay. This amiable chain-smoking, middle-aged lady, who sits in a room the size of a packing case with no windows and much Chinese wallpaper, is herself a staunch Conservative; they all are, she says. 'I'm expecting a lot of clients from the conference. I wish my partner Mr Mesmer Berg were here. He foretold the Conservative



By the time these children are ten years older, Britain's power demands will have doubled. But the number of transmission towers will *not* have doubled. On the contrary—because the Central Electricity Generating Board is adopting 400,000 volt transmission, fewer new towers will be needed. The new power system will use some existing towers, suitably reinforced, and a limited number of new, slightly taller ones. By Act of Parliament, the C.E.G.B. must provide an efficient, economical electricity supply, while preserving visual amenity as far as possible.

CEGB

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**Write for a copy of "Preserving Amenities" to
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victory at the last election.' I asked her if she could see a cat-o'-nine-tails in her crystal ball. She looked hard. 'Yes, I think I can see the tails beginning to form. I hope to goodness they'll bring it back. It's the only way to stop all this crime.'

Meanwhile, in the licensed betting office downstairs, the customers, mainly Irish, are grunting and complaining: 'I put him onto a lovely bet and the silly sod went and backed his landlady's fancy.'

* * *

Meanwhile Bingo grips the Regent, Brighton's huge dance-hall above the cinema by the Clock Tower. 'Only Monday nights and one afternoon a week so far,' says the manager. 'But soon it'll be Bingo in the morning, Bingo in the evening, Bingo in the summertime. I'm looking forward to the Conservative dance. No trouble with tearaways, I hope.' The cinema doorman is a philosophical Scot, a Thersites in maroon uniform and peaked cap. 'Look at 'em,' he said as the lift disgorged a herd of middle-aged women. 'Greed written on every face. I've just been reading Samuel Butler's *Erewhon* over again. Ever read it? Remember those musical banks? And the crime of poverty? It's only the holiday-makers that keep the cinemas open nowadays. Soon as transistors for portable telly-sets come in, we shan't get even them.'

* * *

Three of the biggest Brighton pubs could swallow any conference. These are: the five year old 'Abinger House' on the Front near the Hove border, an elegant neo-Regency attempt at gracious living for the masses, with light, roomy bars and excellent food; the 'King and Queen' in the northern part of the Old Steine, and Henekey's in Ship Street. These last two are my own addictions. The 'King and Queen', built about 1931, is the most astonishing example of mock-Tudor and sham-Renaissance in the land – certainly the only pub to have a built-in Bridge of Sighs in its interior. Henekey's in Ship Street with its vaulted wooden ceiling is more like a cathedral than you have any right to expect. I suspect that its galleries and nooks, midway between Gothic revival and *art nouveau*, have a peculiar fascination for the more adventurous Tory delegates. I hope we shan't hear the swish of the 'cat' in its sedate halls. The ghost of Gilbert Harding will protest: 'Madam, put down that whip at once.' If he doesn't haunt the Lanes – from the elegant 'Cricketers', ever the prettiest pub in Brighton, to the pink-washed 'Sussex' – he soon will. The 'Sussex' was his favourite morning stamping-ground. They miss him. 'Never had any trouble with him here; good as gold. Used to sit on the stool in the corner and tell you how kind somebody had been to somebody else. It was only in the evenings that he got obstreperous and he seldom came here then.'

* * *

I went to see Councillor Lewis Cohen, Brighton's left-wing millionaire, in his hyper-efficient office at the Alliance Building Society. Cohen has just the right manner for a Socialist tycoon – candid, alert, relaxed. (He's very pleased because the Theatre Royal, which he recently rescued and made into a non-profit-making trust, has finally turned the corner; over £4,000 up on the last year.) Always to the left of orthodox, Cohen was disappointed by Blackpool. 'I travelled in the same compartment with Dora Gaitskell,' he told me; 'once or twice I thought I'd find myself out on the line.' Cohen is not planning any of his spectacular gestures to coincide with the Tory conference. (When he was Mayor he rode a white horse up the steps of the Corporation building; and, in the Thirties, he once improved a Mosley meeting in the Dome by introducing a loud-hailer in the roof.) Cohen's slogan where the local Tories are concerned is: by their fruits ye shall know them. He stresses the scandalous housing situation. The Tory majority (53 to Labour's 23 councillors) on the Brighton Corporation, are, he says, now selling land to private enterprise instead of putting up more council houses. This means that no one earning under a thousand a year stands much chance of getting a house. Despite rebuilding, there's still a waiting list of over 4,000.

* * *

Meanwhile, according to local planning authorities, Brighton stands at a cross-roads. Unemployment, quite sharp a few years ago, has shrunk, and local light industry now employs 27 per cent of the population, more than the catering trade. To what extent should Brighton go on developing as an industrial town? Another cross-roads ahead: should it, as a pleasure resort, become more fashionable and less pop, less whelkish and blokey? The trend seems to be going in the fashionable direction. The food has improved noticeably and even the hotels are becoming conscious of their shortcomings. The French visitors' insistence that Brighton with its continental lighting in the Old Steine is the only English town in which they feel at home is beginning to have an impact. The Corporation entertainments department is getting Regency-minded. They are going to put lanes of matting over the pebbles to save bathers' feet. There's even talk of a Brighton Arts Festival which could wipe the eye of the Athens of the North.

* * *

Out at Falmer, half-way between Brighton and Lewes, where the University of Sussex is being built on the former Chichester estate, the cranes were hoisting concrete castings into the Indian-summer sky. The first block – the college house – of Sir Basil Spence's concrete, brick and flint design will be finished in a year. I lunched with the Vice-Chancellor, J. S. Fulton, in the Falmer village shop. He was in an understandable and highly infectious state of enthusiasm. A new university all to yourself in this idyllic setting, with the curiously non-provincial atmosphere of Brighton to offset rawness or red-brickness, is wildly exciting to a former disciple of Lindsay of Balliol. Applications to the university are coming in at the rate of 50 a day. Its distinctly impressive teaching staff went over big at the headmistresses' conference in Brighton in September.

In the two lumpy stucco Victorian houses in Preston Road, where the first 50 undergraduates are being taught for the time being, the term is in its second week. Professor Asa Briggs, the Dean, was as enthusiastic as his Vice-Chancellor. He outlined the various advantages of Sussex's curriculum. A liberal link-up between economics, philosophy and letters. A special school of biological studies. A course in the grammar of mathematics for all scientists. The undergraduates, rather more than half of them women, come from all over England. They were handpicked by the Vice-Chancellor in person. All are reading arts subjects. The science buildings will not be ready for a year. The rate of expansion planned is almost alarming: 400 undergraduates by the end of the first year; 3,000 in 12 years. I drove back to Brighton in a utopian glow. I hope nobody will be as naive as I was in imagining that the Minister of Education is the fairy godmother here. The enlightened body is the University Grants Committee, which comes under the Treasury.

* * *

I had a long talk with a highly intelligent Brighton teenager on the local teenage problem. Brighton, he told me, is not a hard town now. It's a soft town, in the centre anyway. (A hard town is one where the teenagers are apt to be violent.) The outlying suburbs and some of the villages are hard. That's because there's nothing for them to do. In Brighton there are lots of cafés where teenagers can disport themselves like lizards. No gangs to speak of except perhaps the Portslade lot. He said it was all rubbish about the visiting French students being dangerous; they were just a bit noisy. As for the Brightonians hadn't I seen for myself that the famous 'Whisky à Go-Go' was as quiet as a church porch? There hadn't been a fight for a month.

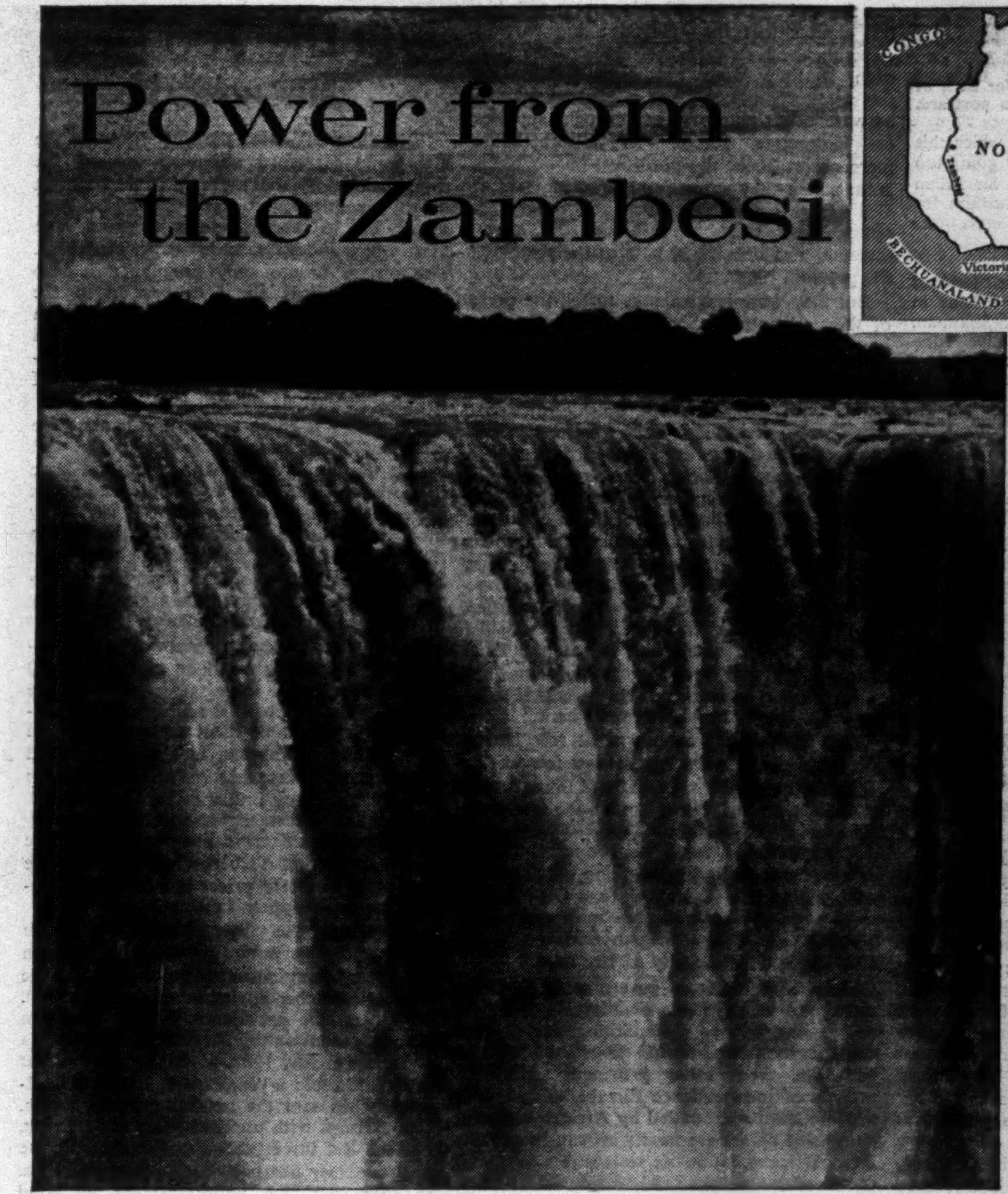
* * *

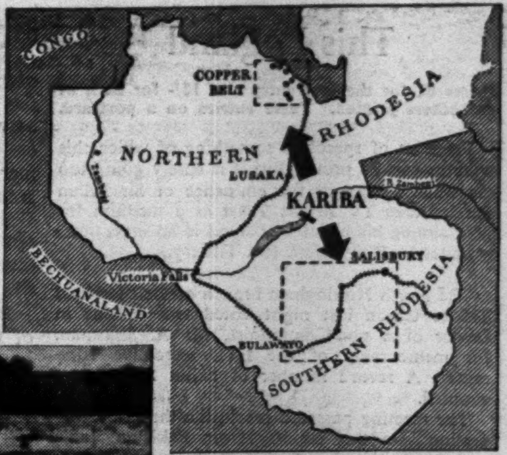
He divided the Brighton teenagers into Yobs, Modernists, Bohemians and Beatniks. The last two groups, of course, were the intellectuals, mainly middle-class, the chief difference between them being that the local beatniks were professionally unkempt and slept out on the beaches in summer. It was, he said, very difficult to tell a modernist from a yob unless you were in the know. Yobs were apt to be squares turned inside out; they slurred their words and pretended to be tough. Modernists, on the other hand, were classless; they had worked through Teddy-boyism. Your true modernist, I gathered, is likely to be semi-solved, although many come from broken homes. He is essentially a protester, and this is where the importance of the gear – his Italian-style clothes – comes in. With the gear on, he has established his difference and can help an old lady across the road without losing status. The oldest modernist in Brighton is 28. Modernists drink little and that only in clubs; but there are only two or three clubs in Brighton, such as the 'Green Sardine' and the 'Blue Gardenia', that they can be seen in. Yobs go to pubs. I saw several in the 'Belvedere' which is built into the promenade at beach level. Here, on a stormy night, with a high tide building up, you can feel uncomfortably trapped between the Teddy boys and the sea. But the toughest joint in Brighton, I was told, is neither a pub nor one of the squalider clubs, where the tarts and villains forgather. It is a little basement café near the station. This is the haunt of the 13- and 14-year-olds who have not yet acquired the relaxed polish of modernism. They fight like weasels.

* * *

Back in London. The sale at Bonham's Montpelier Galleries, which represents such generous support from modern artists – literally from A to Z: Armstrong to Zadkine – for the Committee of Appeal for Amnesty in Spain, has, I am told, a rather intriguing history. It was originally instigated by Picasso. Sotheby's had considered conducting it last summer; then they declined on the grounds that there were political influences among the sponsors. It was Sotheby's, of course, who obtained the record price, £55,000, for a single picture – *La Belle Hollandaise* – by the politically influential Picasso.

Power from the Zambesi





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Freedom of speech is something of which this country can be proud. But it is surely going too far when a man of the eminence of Sir Julian Huxley uses TV *Brains Trust* as a medium for proclaiming his belief that 'God is an invention'. – Letter in *Daily Mail*. (M. Tilbury.)

The North Nottingham branch of the Electrical Trades Union last night voted two to one in favour of a non-Communist, Mr A. Sharman, for membership of the ETU executive committee. A record number of ballot forms were counted.

The meeting passed a resolution that all immigration into this country from Pakistan, India and the West Indies should cease immediately. – *Guardian Journal*. (D. R. Bartlett.)

Because football coupons are filled in in so many homes these days, my plea is for a blank hour or so mid-week for one evening. If something is on, someone invariably switches on, but if there isn't, then there might be peace for filling in coupons, reading or for sonny to do his homework. – Letter in *TWW Times*. (A. Payne.)

Mrs Ruth Botterill, who runs an elocution school for budgerigars at Tunbridge Wells, Kent, tells me: 'I do swear occasionally but I always go out of the room to do it'. – *Daily Herald*. (F. C. Miller.)

Inside Katanga

MARTIN MAUTHNER

In the Union Minière mess at Kipushi – a small mining village near the Northern Rhodesian border – most of the men, and one of the women, having lunch were in military uniform. So, too, were the men drinking beer on the verandah. Lying on the floor beside them were their rifles. Several army vehicles were parked next to the building, one of them a United Nations jeep which had been seized during the eight-day 'Katanga War'.

The men were Katanga mercenaries – or *les affreux* as they prefer to be called – for whom the cease-fire had come as a bitter blow. Katanga was on her way to victory, they claimed, when Tshombe had been forced to agree to the cease-fire. Its army had defeated the Irish at Jadotville and forced the UN troops into defensive positions in Elizabethville. One Fouga jet fighter had paralysed the UN's air communications. They were convinced that Katanga could have knocked out the UN had the war lasted a few more days. 'Now,' one of them said, 'the UN is using the cease-fire to bring in reinforcements.'

I asked some of these men – French, Belgian and big, sun-tanned Rhodesians and South Africans – why they were fighting in Tshombe's forces. A Rhodesian youngster of about 19 said: 'I lost my job in Nyasaland, and the pay here is good.' A South African with an Afrikaans name said: 'I've been crocodile hunting in Katanga for years. When President Tshombe ordered a general mobilisation, I joined up.' A middle-aged French captain who had fought in Algeria told me how he wanted to help Katanga in her 'struggle against Communism.' A South African pilot of English descent said: 'I came here in March this year because I was bored working in my parents' business.'

Mercenaries themselves claim that there are not more than about 200 of them in Katanga, but the real figure is probably nearer 400. No one doubts that they played a big part in directing the Katangese resistance to the UN, even if they were not seen fighting in the streets. The Fouga was piloted by a white as were other planes which brought supplies to Katangese forces. In Elizabethville mercenaries took up positions in buildings from which they sniped and fired mortars at UN vehicles, the post office and other UN strongholds. They were helped by many civilians who boasted in bars of their exploits the previous night.

But they were less anxious to tell the press of their adventures. Some tried to intimidate journalists into giving the 'true version' of what happened. One reporter had to leave Katanga after Belgians had seen him shaking hands with Indian troops outside the post office in Elizabethville. At the Hotel Leopold II – where reporters lived among local whites – I saw one Italian newsman quickly surrounded by indignant Belgians after they had heard him defending the UN. A colleague managed to persuade the Italian to shut his mouth. When journalists visited the Massart military garrison in Elizabethville, we were supervised by a French ex-Para, who warned us not to reveal his identity or even his presence. I also heard him threaten a local stringer: 'If you double-cross us, your days in Katanga are numbered.' As he said this, he drew his finger across the man's neck.

It is hard to say exactly what role Union Minière has taken during the past few weeks. Its spokesmen have so far refused to make any comment, on the grounds that the company does not interfere in politics. Nonetheless, I saw mercenaries using its property. I also heard of one of its high-ranking officials who was helping the Katangese forces. In Jadotville, a senior Union Minière man was not at his office because, a Belgian told me, 'he is now head of the security service here.'

Despite its African government, Katanga remains a white man's country. In the past year its white population has been strengthened by several thousand Belgians who fled from other provinces. After 15 months of independence Elizabethville is still a white town surrounded by African *cités*. Its shops and offices are nearly all run by whites. Few Africans eat in its restaurants or drink in its cafés – and then only rarely with whites. The African's wages and housing are good compared with other parts of Africa, but well below that of the whites. There is no racialism, and, at present anyway, no signs of African resentment against the Belgians.

Belgians are giving Tshombe their fullest support in his efforts to create a Katanga nation. Katanga has its own airline, car number-plates, stamps, banknotes – worthless outside Katanga – anthem and flag. Every shop has a large portrait of Tshombe in its window. The Katangese press and radio has done its share in asserting Katanga's independence.

The Belgians are convinced that their business interests – in which South African, American and British companies have a big stake – are secure only as long as Katanga remains independent. They – and Tshombe – are offering to share its tremendous mineral wealth with the rest of the Congo, but they refuse to consider any political union. Can the UN get around this uncompromising position? While there are mercenaries in Katanga, the use of force will lead to more bloodshed. The UN must persuade Tshombe that if he does not see reason, he risks a civil war with what he calls his 'Congo brothers'.

Will Die Too Dear

JOHN MORGAN

'Will die well', cried the auctioneer as the high-grade Hereford stumbled around the ring, prodded by sticks. He was referring not to any qualities of courage the animal possessed, but to the high ratio of good, lean meat which the steer, in his view, contained. The phrase is not only poignant: it also expresses what is about to happen to the government's farming policy, partly as a result of the prices that particular steer and thousands of others like it have been commanding at auction the length and breadth of Britain this past six months.

The policy is going to die, and in the time of its dying everyone is going to do well except the taxpayer. Farming subsidies have increased to astonishing levels because market prices of meat have been low. (It isn't only meat: the glutted barley market has fallen through the bottom, so that the government has been doling out some £11 a ton to farmers, which is £4 more than the Ministry imagined in its blackest dreams.)

Last year the subsidies stood at £266 millions. This year they will be well over £300 millions. Next year there seems every chance that they will reach £400 millions. Small farmers, who would be most seriously affected by a fall in guarantees, feel, as they brood over market prices, that it's all too good, or bad, to last. Entry into the Common Market will almost necessarily replace subsidies by the imposition of tariffs, but even without the Common Market it's becoming clear that the cheapness of world prices has made the present guarantee system ludicrous.

Last month the taxpayer actually paid the farmer more per pound for lamb (1s. 6¾d.) in making up the guaranteed price than did the wholesale butcher buying in auction (1s. 6¼d.). With beef, the prevalence of produce from the Commonwealth, Argentina, Jugoslavia and Eire (in July 1961, 65,400 hundredweight of carcase beef: a year earlier, 9,100 hundredweight) has sent the market spinning down. Comparisons with previous years are striking. For the last three years the guaranteed price to the farmer has been in the range of 150s. to 158s. per live hundredweight of good quality cattle. Because prices have been so low, on 31 July this year the taxpayer was making-up 61s. of that. In 1960 the figure was 9s. 6d. In 1959 it was one shilling only. That was certainly the worst week of the year, but others before and since have been nearly as bad. The subsidy this year has been steadily running at eight to ten times last year's.

This money has gone, and more will go the same way next year. In themselves these increased subsidies might not matter, especially if they meant that a cheap food policy, with its important consequences for labour costs and health, was the effective result. Whether food has been as cheap as it should have been this past six months is, however, highly debatable.

Nearly all the farmers I've spoken to have blamed retail and wholesale butchers for not passing price reductions on to the public. Their argument, in its angry simplicity, is that since they, the farmers, have been selling cattle at prices up to one-third lower than last year, then the butchers should have reduced prices comparably. In one furious argument I heard in a butcher's shop, a farmer demanded to know why he was still paying eight shillings a pound for fillet steak

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compared with 8s. 6d. last year. Why wasn't he paying six shillings? Wasn't the butcher paying only two bob a pound for beef in the market?

To this complaint the butcher responded with a far-ranging apologia. In the first place, public taste is such that only certain parts of an animal – usually the hindquarter cuts like rump and fillet steak, sirloin, topside or silverside – are demanded by housewives unsophisticated in the uses of beef. Therefore prices for these cuts need to be high to compensate for the lack of demand for brisket, fore-rib, and so on, with which nature continues, so thoughtlessly, to provide the animal.

Nature equally is unbusiness-like enough to provide cattle with small portions of steak. (Successful attempts are being made to breed them with more of what the public wants.) Bone, again, is useless and makes-up some 15 per cent of the animal. Farmers, too, make the mistake of assuming that the meat cost is the only one that a butcher bears. Rent, labour, transport, refrigeration – these can amount to some 50 per cent of costs. Therefore even a startling reduction in market prices gives them little room for manoeuvre.

This apologia is formidable but not altogether convincing. In the first place these factors all obtained last year, when beef was 2s. 6d. per pound wholesale, instead of 1s. 11d. (In the case of lamb, in a few weeks this year, 2s. 2d. instead of 1s. 3d.) It's hard, too, to discover a case of a butcher who fails to sell all of a carcase, although it hasn't been impossible this summer. Usually they manage to sell the whole lot at a decent price.

But, of course, it is extremely difficult to investigate the costing and profits of wholesale and retail butchers. The Board of Trade refuses to publish the figures on which it bases the Cost of Living Index. When one legs it around the shops, butchers often find it difficult to remember what they were charging last year. What feeds one's suspicions, however, is the strange fact that meat prices in British shops are much the same as in Germany, yet Germany imposes a 20 per cent tariff and we impose none. Curious things must surely be happening, one deduces from this, between the market price and the price in the shops.

Trade organisations resist strongly any suggestion of excess profits; they also are reluctant to talk about prices. Reporting the Federation of Meat Traders' Association's general secretary on this subject recently, the *Meat Trades Journal* wrote: 'Mr Whalley revealed equally painful experience, but also a trump card, when he declared that nothing would be easier than to say a price, but the registrar, under the Restrictive Trade Practices Act, would take any price quoted by a federation official as an implied agreement binding the whole country which would involve him [Mr Whalley] in registering an agreement covering 60 to 70 items each week.' The truth appears to be that prices are widely disparate. 'We tend to charge what the traffic will bear', as a frank butcher put it.

Some butchers have reduced prices by the fall in the market price. But even these, it struck me, calculating on a ready reckoner, could make a handsome profit on an animal. (Selling a £48 animal for £75 to £85, perhaps three of them a week, not to mention his lamb, pork etc, and that in a shop employing only three people.) Those butchers who have not reduced prices, on the principle that customers like level prices throughout the year 'because they know where they are', naturally have been doing even better this past six months.

One would suppose that it must follow as the night the day that those who reduce prices will defeat those who do not. It does not follow, largely through the housewife's total bewilderment once inside a butcher's shop. Variety of quality and the intricate arithmetic involved leave her surprisingly helpless. Increased incomes have tended to make her not care so much. This is a happy circumstance for all kinds of tradesman. It scarcely, however, meets the object of a cheap food policy, which ideally should permit in compensation for the farmers' subsidy either the buying of more food for the same price or a smaller household expenditure on food.

I wouldn't like to suggest that retail butchers, more or less than any other businessmen, are villains; or even, in this case, that they are more so than the wholesalers. Some – J. Sainsbury & Co. are a notable example – have made great efforts to pass on price benefits. One can see, too, that the particularly complicated nature of meat makes price variation a disagreeably, even confusingly, intricate business. Now that this summer's money is gone, probably the important lessons of the experience are that the means of distribution and sale of farm produce are too inefficient and wasteful. Should tariffs replace subsidies this is likely to mean that Common Market food prices are going to be an unnecessarily high burden on the consumer. When that happens, shopkeepers whose living is selling farm produce will not have the public's ignorance of the subsidy system on their side.

You'll Learn Yet

I had spent two years in the Force and completed my probationary period when the Inspector came out to see me. 'And how many summonses have you put in now, lad?' he asked.

'None,' I said.

'Right,' he said, 'we'll change that.'

So we walked up the road to a row of shops and stood there. We stood for a long time and I thought the Inspector was ready to give up when a boy cycled along the opposite pavement. 'An offence,' snapped the Inspector. 'Book him.' We crossed the road and I reeled off a long story about wheeled vehicles (with the exception of perambulators) on the public footpath that I had mugged up during Police College days. The boy gaped at me as I cautioned and charged him.

Shortly after that I was moved nearer the centre of the city where it was more populous and there were more summonses to be had – parking, lidless refuse bins and the like. I pined among the smells of breweries and jam factories for my old beat in a quiet residential area where there were old ladies and dogs to talk to and talent to watch on the local tennis court on the warm summer days. But the time passed in the city bustle and there were street sweepers to talk to and other kinds of talent to watch. And at the end of the year I had still only one summons to my name.

One day the Superintendent sent for me and we had a one-sided conversation about summonses. He said that he saw my point about prevention being better than cure but it appeared that I was over-doing it. As I left his room the Inspector stopped me. 'It takes a long time with some,' he said, 'but you'll learn yet.'

The next day I was sent to see about a dead man lying at the bus terminus. He turned out to be dead drunk; and when I tried to lift him up, he went for me. The bus queues watched as he hammered my ribs and I tried to avoid his fists. I didn't want to hit him myself because I didn't believe in that sort of thing. And if I had struck him, the bus queues would probably have lynched me anyway. When I got him to the Station and the Bar Sergeant saw the mess I was in, he knocked the man to the floor. I said nothing and nursed my annoyance along with my bruised ribs for several days afterwards.

Then I was sent out with the Division's light-weight champion to do some evening work on the Teds in a sorely troubled area. The Champ's procedure was simple. He grabbed a solitary Ted, pushed him into a handy doorway, stripped him of knuckle-dusters, flick-knives and similar items, thumped him two or three times on each ear and then kicked him back on to the street. All I had to do was keep watch. I didn't like the method, but it worked. Within a week all the Teds had cleared off to another Division. The Champ was sympathetic. 'I know how you feel,' he said; 'but sooner or later you meet them. A clip on the ear's the only bloody thing they understand.'

The following night shift I got myself involved at three o'clock in the morning with a medical student hopelessly drunk in charge of a car. He had six other medical students with him who started shouting about evidence, justice and the Road Traffic Acts, so I took the seven of them in.

In the Station the six continued their uproar, this time about the use of truth drugs. If the Bar Sergeant asked them once to leave, he asked them ten times. But they were there to see justice done in a police state, they said. I was ashamed of them, because I thought they were intellectuals and I fancied myself as one too. So the Bar Sergeant sent for the off-duty men and the medical students were picked up one by one, roughed up, and tossed backwards through the swing doors on to the pavement. By the time they had all been ejected the driver had sobered up and the Bar Sergeant told him off and let him go. I was glad about that, as the driver struck me as being a decent soul.

But when I got back to my beat about dawn, the six students were waiting, and only the accidental appearance of the Champ saved me from being off longer than the stiff ten days I spent on the sick list.

When the summer came again I found myself in one of the crowded public parks looking for bag-snatchers and watching talent. The heat was oppressive and people were spread about all over the place. I was looking for a spare tree and shade when I saw two Teds slouching towards me. Even I knew that one of them had a string of convictions for all manner of theft, petty and otherwise. He was carrying a parcel, so I stopped him. I was a bit disappointed to discover the parcel contained fish and chips. I apologised for disturbing him and was about to dismiss the two of them when his mate's pimples caught my eye. 'And who are you?' I asked.

Placing his hands in his pockets, he hunched his shoulders and curled his upper lip theatrically. 'You should bloody well know,' he sneered. I didn't even stop to think. I lashed out and watched the snot running from his nose as he picked himself up.

Later when I confided my worries to the Inspector he stared at me. 'You mean that nobody saw you hit him?'

I said that I didn't think so.

'My God,' he said, 'you're the boy.' As he turned away he looked back over his shoulder. 'Mark you,' he said with heavy satisfaction, 'I told you long ago that you'd learn.'

Correspondence

PATTERNS OF REVOLT

SIR, – Mr Crosland certainly gets nearer the bone than anyone else to date. But he is surely too kind to the 'also-ran' theory, whereby failure at 11-plus, now somehow personal and not blamable on the system, is held responsible for widespread social unrest. Indeed this formula, under the guise of 'parity of esteem', is a founder member of the Incantatory League.

The plain fact is that most people regard our bipartite educational system as merely the institutional recognition of a social cleavage that exists anyway. And in a good many cases they associate the Grammar school with an alien culture that will exclude many of the things that go to make a rich, warmly human pattern of living for them. As a result they have no strong desire at all to pass the exam.

Take the case of a friend of mine, a ship's plater whom I will call Terry. He attended a Secondary Modern school largely because he tore up his 11-plus papers. Terry knew that in a Grammar school he would probably have felt uprooted and unhappy. (In fact the unsuccessful Grammar or Public school boy is a figure increasingly met with in criminal ecology.) As it is, his background has been stable and his transgressions confined to a few minor breaches of the code. For instance, despite having driven thousands of miles competently, he has never bothered to take a driving test – if he were discovered it would have no effect on his career. And although he reached corporal's rank three times in his short army service, he never survived long; on one occasion he was actually busted within a few hours of promotion, having been caught keeping guard for his mate – or so he insists – outside a Cypriot brothel.

Such people are well aware that there is a close nexus between economic advancement and educational attainments, which is admitted, and also between such advancement and cultural trappings, social leanings and so on, which is not openly admitted. Not many ex-Grammar school pupils, for instance, outside a few minor clerks perhaps, still play football each week at 25. And if they earn, like Terry, some £25 a week, it is almost certain they will have long forsworn such pursuits as soccer and taken over a wholly new cultural pattern. Naturally Terry regards the ethos they represent as incompatible with his own; and yet the social friction often generated has nothing to do with 11-plus failure as such.

The trouble with rigid streaming and marked inequalities in education is not so much that they are the cause of bad social effects; rather they are the effect of bad social causes. What we could do with is less blathering about 'parity of esteem', and more concrete effort to bridge the gaps by human contacts and inward acquaintance with the life and culture of others. For instance, good honours graduates in the more fashionable Institutes of Education might be *directed* into a period of Secondary Modern teaching before they could begin work in other schools: on strict educational grounds, this might not have any advantages – the teaching might well be a good deal worse – but in terms of our schools' general set-up it would be valuable. Everything essential on this point was said by Tawney 30 years ago: 'It is wrong [to suggest] that opportunities to rise, which can, of their nature, be seized only by the few, are a substitute for a general diffusion of the means of civilisation, which are needed by all men, whether they rise or not, and which those who cannot climb the economic ladder, and who sometimes, indeed, do not desire to climb, may turn to as good account as those who can.'

Our task as Socialists is, more clearly than ever, to weaken the nexus between a particular social ethos and positions of power. If we could do that, there might be fewer juvenile delinquents; but many things even more important would have been achieved.

PAT ROGERS

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SIR, – How does Mr Crosland know that 'advertising and television are much less central to people's lives than is often supposed'? I can only presume that he bases his statement on such curious evidence as 'the Teds never watch the telly'. This may or may not be true; surely the important point here is that in the years leading to adolescence it is very probable that this type of young person was a television addict.

Many of us do not share his dislike of what he condescendingly calls 'the writings of the sub-sociological Incantation School'. The implication here is that the professional sociologists find no evidence of far-reaching effects; and it is true, unfortunately, that for the most part they appear to be reluctant to stick out their necks without the protection of a good stiff collar of correlations. I sympathise with their difficulty in not being able to present scientific evidence, but this does not absolve the rest of us from making judgments and initiating action.

Dr Himmelweit gave a valuable warning at a recent NUT conference when she said: 'I think a lot of research at the moment is being used to delay action. There are two dodges. One is to say that you want more research and then you will act – for example you will reduce programmes of violence if the research workers can prove, as of course they cannot, that they do harm. The other is to say that the information obtained by research may be out of date'. Professor Fearing once commented on the paradox that, though on general grounds it would seem that films have had a tremendous impact on culture all over the world, when careful research has been conducted into that influence we seem to find that human behaviour has been only slightly affected. One is tempted to draw the conclusion that methods of investigation are faulty and that, with refinements in technique, we might find more effects than we do at present.

Some years ago I was invited to talk to a group of men in prison, and during my talk I touched upon the possible adverse effects of unsuitable television programmes for children. During the discussion period at least six men stood up and in one form or another made the following statement: 'I used to see unsuitable films and read horror comics when I was a child and it never did me any harm.'

It is not surprising that I do not share Mr Crosland's complacency.

RONALD G. CAVE

Edinburgh House
Hooper Street
Cambridge

MASS
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OF PARLIAMENT
WEDNESDAY,
OCTOBER 18

Ring Clerkenwell 5146 for details or report on Oct. 18 to Bishop Partridge Hall, Church House, Great Smith St (3 pm onwards) or York Hall, Caxton Hall (6 pm onwards).

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THE ADMASS MENACE

SIR, – When I read your last week's leader, I, as an individual member of the Admass, had just been firmly put back in my place by one of the major commercial TV companies.

A week earlier, this company had splashed its chairman's annual report in the NEW STATESMAN and many other papers – a polemical Pilkington-conscious piece, but thin in factual information. I wrote a courteous letter, saying that I had read the report with interest and asking for some more information. What, in the year under review, had the company spent on programmes and on engineering? What had been its total of programme hours? How had this total been divided among various types of programme? What had been the average hourly programme cost? (This sort of information, in regard to its own programmes, is freely given by the BBC, and appears in its annual Handbook, which you can get from any bookseller.)

Here is the entire text of the reply I received from the company's secretary:

> The Chairman has passed on to me your letter of 22 September.
>
> I am sorry we cannot help you but the information which you request is not such as we can disclose to individual members of the public.

ROBERT HORNUNG

1 Devon House
Hermon Hill, E11

THE LABOUR LEFT

SIR, – It is discouraging to find that at the conclusion of the Labour Party Conference the most fruitful comment that you can offer is encouragement of the Left of the party to 'keep up the pressure' on the leadership.

My own conclusion is that the Left might well forgo, for a while, its self-imposed task of keeping sentry-go on the rest of the party and subject itself to a little self-criticism for a change. Indeed, a cool and dispassionate review of the Labour Left in your columns is long overdue, and would be a major contribution to the cause of Socialism.

In any such review, it is important to ask how far left-wing sentiment in the constituency Labour parties and in the trade unions is based upon a rational analysis of modern society, and how far upon conservatism and sheer unwillingness to think. At local party level I find that the comfortable certainties of 'leftists' arise from the fact that some of these people, having been converted to Socialism as a substitute religion in youth, have resolutely refused to open their minds ever since and remain mentally fixed at the period of the Spanish Civil War. From what they say (and they say a great deal) I would be prepared to bet that they have read nothing since the Left Book Club closed down.

There is a certain snobbism of the left – 'I'm more left than you' – which produces contempt for leadership of *any* kind. One feels that if Cousins, Foot and Mikardo were promoted to the leadership of the Labour Party overnight the sneers of the Left would switch automatically to them, from sheer force of habit.

This attitude of the Left is a tremendous disadvantage when it comes to introducing new members, and especially young members, into the party. Not knowing our traditions, they are bewildered to find themselves regaled on all sides with bitter criticism of the party, its policy and its leadership – criticisms which are indeed often sharper and more unfair than they would hear at a meeting of our opponents.

Another vice of the Left is to seize upon one specific issue and drive it to death. While the Left is hell-bent upon this single issue, it is quite impossible to persuade them to consider any other issue at all – even though, outside the current fashionable issue, the state of public opinion is favourable to the party and a Socialist offensive could achieve rewarding results.

Finally, I would suggest that the Labour Left is failing to produce a broad constructive policy which makes sense, and is relying upon people like Harold Wilson to produce the policies while itself indulging in the pleasanter task of sniping from the wings. If I am wrong in this, perhaps someone could recommend to me any broad and coherent statement of left-wing policies written in the past five years?

This letter is intended to be constructive, and the writer, in pointing out the weaknesses (as it seems to him) of the Labour Left, is not unaware that equally forcible criticisms could be offered of the Right and Centre, and of his own well-meant efforts as a toiler in the field of local Labour Party politics. After all, even in the Labour Party, we are all human.

R. M. TOWES

117 Bradstow Way
Broadstairs
Kent

POLICE WHITEWASH

SIR, – One of the most surprising aspects of the horrified reaction to reports of police brutality in the recent Trafalgar Square demonstration is how widespread is the acceptance of the myth of the inherent goodness of the British cop. The American, pictured with hanging gun and belly, is quite obviously a slob; the Spaniard is not a walking arsenal purely for bravura; for the French, riots are like fires, and their cops dress and act accordingly; and, no doubt, the Hungarians' treatment of their cops accurately reflected the peoples' opinions of Peoples' Police.

Our pictures of cops always depict them holding a child's hand on a zebra crossing: from this touching vignette a fabric of innocence and light (like the Hollywood idea of nuns) is woven and held up for the British public – and the world – to admire.

But motives for becoming a cop must be much the same in Moscow, Madrid, New York or London; uniforms tend to remove individuality and to invite condoned aggression; if a cop is pricked, he bleeds . . . We should not, therefore, be too horrified when we are beaten up by our guardians – we, too, imbibe home-brewed propaganda and, therefore, get drunk. Our cops are like other cops. Our law is as fallible and as little just as other countries' law. And, to judge from the pathological gibbering from the Tories for more flogging and hanging, when it comes to brutality, we can hold our own among the world community of toughs.

A. EDKINS

8 Chesterford Gardens
NW3

SIR, – You say Adam Roberts is not a liar, and I am sure you are right. But I am reminded of the lady who wrote to the *Daily Express* complaining: 'I never get on a bus without the conductor insults me.'

HARRY DALEY
ex-PS Metropolitan Police

78 Pixham Lane
Dorking

LIVING WITH THE ENEMY

SIR, – To argue from personal to collective psychology is dangerous enough, but to invoke psycho-dynamics to explain international conflicts is as fallacious today as it was when the psychoanalysts attempted it in the Twenties.

Modern war is not the result of man's aggressiveness, though some individuals may find release for their aggression in it. The causes of war are economic, and to maintain that they are psychological requires the kind of individual flight from reality, in this case the economic one, that appears collectively in the present intellectual trend to displace the nature of all reality into the realm of mind, as a conscious reaction to materialist philosophy. The fact is that capitalism needs international tension to justify the manufacture of armaments without which its economy would collapse. In a saturated society armaments keep capitalism going, are enormously profit-producing and require no consumer – except war. Socialism, free of capitalism's need for profit, wants to, can and would, switch its whole economy to creative production as soon as world disarmament is realised.

The danger of Dr Størr's approach is that it obscures the real problem and, with it, the possibility of a realistic solution to it.

N. CHISHOLM

10 Harley Street
W1

GUIDES

SIR, – I found most of the last volume of the *Pelican Guide to English Literature* stale and second-hand; Professor Ford challenges me to show him the first-hand versions of four specific passages. This is disingenuous of him, since he knows as well as I do that it isn't a question of word-for-word originals; I was deploring his colleagues' narrowness and timidity, not accusing them of plagiarism. But in fact the analysis of *Heart of Darkness* simply expands some remarks in *The Great Tradition*, while the essay on *Women in Love* is a cautious footnote on the relevant chapter in *D. H. Lawrence, Novelist* which would make a respectable offering at a symposium of experts on the work of Dr Leavis, but is quite out of place as the only article on Lawrence in a general survey. Mr Salingar devotes just over a page to *Gerontion*, half of it taken up with direct quotation or paraphrase; he raises one point, which is a commonplace (see, for example, Professor Grover Smith's standard work).

But tracking down sources isn't what counts; my real quarrel was with the *Guide's* tone, terminology and prejudices, all of them alarmingly predictable. Professor Ford's fourth example, the Yeats essay, serves as a warning here: a potentially stimulating article emerges as laboured and pedestrian, since the critic can't get out of his straightjacket.

Having failed to do justice to a large number of gifted writers, Professor Ford pleads lack of space – which hasn't stopped him from finding room for some very odd choices, or for constant suggestions that 'minor' and 'secondary' mean the same thing as negligible, an attitude just as sloppy as indiscriminate praise. My 'inconsequential' suggestion that something might have been said about historians and philosophers still seems as reasonable an idea to me as it must have done to Professor Ford when he decided to include them in his biographical appendix – though virtually nowhere else in the book.

JOHN GROSS

RSPCA AND HUNTING

SIR,—In her eagerness to criticize the RSPCA (in your issue of 22 September), Miss Gwendolen Barter must have read Critic's footnote carelessly. The reference to fox-hunting in my previous letter was not irrelevant. Critic had stated that the RSPCA 'condemns stag-hunting though not fox-hunting' and I wished to emphasize that we do condemn fox-hunting as a sport. It is quite untrue that the resolution concerning an award for a humane method of fox control was passed 'in the teeth of Council opposition'. Equally, it is untrue that there was any unnecessary delay in implementing its terms. As Miss Barter was well aware, in a letter published in the *Oxford Times* in April last I admitted that my reply to a correspondent on the subject of the shooting of foxes was perhaps unfortunately worded and because of that fact did not accurately reflect the Society's policy.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE

an economic fable

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a Cabbage White Butterfly who fancied herself as an intellectual. However, as is the nature of butterflies, she was a little inclined to flit from flower to flower. One subject which she rather liked was economics. That, she felt, was a nice basic thing for a butterfly to be brainy about.

One day, in high summer, she was lazily hovering over the herbaceous border, making, as she put it, "an Intensive Survey of Honey Production." In due course she landed, a little out of breath, on the lip of a large foxglove, and began fanning herself languidly with her wings. "I say, do you *mind*," said a voice. "You're making an awful draught down the back of my neck." Startled, the Cabbage White looked behind her. Backing out of another foxglove was a large honey bee. "Oh, how perfectly delightful!" cried the Cabbage White, in her most refined tones, "I've been wanting to have a chat with you. You see (and here she simpered) I'm a bit worried about what's happening in the world." The honey bee gave a little buzz which was almost a groan. He'd had conversations like this before with the Cabbage White.

"In fact," went on the Cabbage White, "I do think you chaps are being a bit unfair to us chaps. Speaking generally, of course," she added. "Oh?" said the honey bee. "You see," said the Cabbage White confidingly, "you're so energetic. Rushing back and forth, filling that hive up."—"Nothing wrong with that which I can see," said the honey bee.

"Ah, but isn't it terribly, terribly monopolistic?" cooed the Cabbage White. "You bees will soon control the whole garden. And poor little insects like me won't be able to get a look in."—"Well," said the bee, "which particular set of bees do you mean? There are lots of hives in this garden."—"Ah," said the Cabbage White, flirtatiously batting her wings, "but I know for a fact you're all in it together."—"You know very well that we can't be," said the bee. "We all make honey. Every hive works more or less the same way. But we're all competitors. And we've all got very different ideas on what's the best mixture of flowers for a good honey." —"Really?" said the Cabbage White. "Why didn't anybody ever tell me that?" —"They did, but I expect you weren't listening," said the honey bee.

The Cabbage White changed her tune. "But aren't you frightfully selfish?" she persisted. "Pillaging the poor flowers, taking their precious pollen?"—"If it weren't for us fertilising things, there'd be fewer flowers next year," said the bee. "Oh, you mustn't be rude to poor little me," sighed the Cabbage White. "You big strong bees, bossing all the flowers in the garden, rushing round telling them exactly how to grow."—"Oh, don't be silly," cried the bee, crossly, "you know we haven't got time to bother about all that. The flowers know their job. We know ours, and that's all there is to it. In fact, only a very little of what the flowers make comes to us." But the Cabbage White had already fluttered to another foxglove.

MORAL:

Those who can, do. Those who can't, preach.

• • • • •

ISSUED BY THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION,
LONDON—AND ASSOCIATED
SCOTTISH LIFE OFFICES, EDINBURGH.

What my reply omitted to stress was that, on balance, as a method of fox control shooting involves more suffering than does hunting.

In contrast to Miss Barter's letter, Mr Monk-Jones' communication, which you published in the same issue, commands respect. We are strongly opposed to the preservation of foxes for the purpose of hunting – as our policy statement makes very clear – but we cannot accept that in these days preservation is practised on the widespread scale suggested by Mr Monk-Jones – and by Mr Churchward in his letter published last week. In 1951, the Committee on Cruelty to Wild Animals reported that the keeping of foxes in coverts or artificial earths 'was quite common in the past' but that 'there has been a great change in the attitude of the rural population since the early years of this century, when a man did not dare to admit in public that he had shot a fox. This is shown quite clearly by the fact that a very large number of foxes is destroyed by fox destruction societies and others, often with the co-operation of hunt servants, by methods other than hunting.' We have no evidence that the position has materially changed. The Society's offer of a £1,000 award is not a 'smokescreen' – it is an endeavour to solve a difficult and complex problem which, all too often, tends to be over-simplified.

Mr Rowley's reference – in last week's issue – to an 'unholy alliance' between members of the British Field Sports Society and the RSPCA is as mischievous and misleading as it is absurd. When Mr Arthur Skeffington, MP, presented a bill in Parliament last year, designed to prohibit the hunting with hounds of wild deer, he received full support from the RSPCA. When the measure is re-introduced it will receive similar support.

We respect the viewpoint that fox-hunting should be abolished; in turn, it is surely not unreasonable to ask that reliance be placed upon the good faith and integrity of our Council?

J. HALL
Chief Secretary

RSPCA
105 Jermyn Street, SW1

TROUBLE IN THE HIGHLANDS

SIR, – Lord Massereene & Ferrard casts serious doubts on my integrity as a commentator on conditions in Mull. In justification of my remarks let me quote two world famous experts on Highland affairs.

Dr Fraser Darling in his *West Highland Survey* writes: 'The island is one of the tragic surprises of the Highlands . . . Mull, which holds some of the most fertile land in the Highlands and some equal to the best in the kingdom, might well be looked upon as a countryside ruined by the sudden introduction of a foreign land-use in the colonial style, in this instance sheep-farming on the extensive system.' Darling also remarks that 'bracken grows in almost unbelievable luxuriance.'

Sir Fitzroy MacLean, MP for Bute, in the *Scotsman* of 19 September 1959, wrote: 'An epitome of the whole Highland problem is presented by the Island of Mull, which is known to possess some of the finest land in the Highlands. Unless something is done, things will get worse until the population gradually disappears and the island is taken over for a nature reserve or a rocket range.'

Yet in your issue of 6 October Lord Massereene asserts 'the land is too poor'. He may be interested to learn that the official estimate of the sum required to clear Mull of bracken is £480,000 *for materials alone*.

Finally, and of vital importance, it should be realised by everyone that the problem of Mull is seriously worsened by the absolute and clear-cut distinction of the island's population into landowners and others.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT

SIR, – Mr Anthony Howard trots up to Edinburgh and finds that Scottish Nationalism is 'an absurdity'. How wooden-headed can the English get? Doubtless Mr Howard discounts artists and writers, feeling that nothing matters in the arts except London and the angry Midlands, but had he been in contact with those concerned with any form of Scottish administration, he might have realised how little we in Scotland enjoy being governed from England: how irritating it is that our MPs are in London while our government departments are in Edinburgh: how much we resent it that, for example, at the Scottish Labour Party Conference, we are not allowed to discuss anything of 'National Interest' in case it might embarrass the English: and how far from welcome we find many of the English syndicates and individuals who are making money out of our land in the Highland Counties. It should by now be plain that internationalism is only possible on a basis of small (thus comparatively harmless) nations, and also that the smaller the unit of government, the more likely that some form of democracy can be made to work. After Africa, perhaps Scotland; does the NEW STATESMAN cease at that point to sympathise with the aspirations of those seeking self government?

NAOMI MITCHISON
RODERICK MACFARQUHAR

Carradale

CHEF'S CHOICE

SIR, – There were 15 entries for Chef's Choice. Lots were drawn and the winners were societies at Litherland, Dilwyn and Newton Aycliffe. Each society has received a cheque for three guineas.

STEPHEN KING HALL

FAREWELL TO WHITEBAIT

SIR – I should like to say I shall greatly miss Whitebait. I have read that 'fishy' gentleman's reviews of films for close on 20 years with considerable admiration and enjoyment.

HERBERT VAN THAL

Reform Club

We have received many similar letters.

IN all the world of distress today the Algerians are the greatest sufferers. Apart from the 250,000 Refugees in Tunisia and Morocco there are over two millions imprisoned in Regroupment Camps. This number is about one fifth of the total population. Shelter, food and medicine are inadequate. Reports speak of tiny children lying on the earth without clothes or covering.

AS great as our desire is to declare that all this happens against the wishes of the ordinary kindhearted Frenchman, we plead that these poor souls should be freed and the camps emptied.

It is an empirical law that when a camp contains 1,000 a child dies every other day.

MUCH is being done but the total aid is pitifully small. Below are extracts from reports . . . all regarding children.

(A) . . . they are always feverish, we have no quinine for them.
(B) . . . to give each child a cup of milk a day we require 300 litres, we only have 10 litres.
(C) . . . all they have in this bitter weather is a ragged shirt and they have no blankets.
(D) . . . nothing but barley bread and when that is gone they eat acorns.
(E) . . . after the acorns were finished they ate grass.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

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STUART HAMPSHIRE

*Advertisements for Myself** is a weak book by an interesting writer of large ambitions. There are essays, critical reflections, autobiographical explanations, short stories, fragments of a novel. The fault is not entirely the author's. The most elaborate and careful writing in the book occurs in the prologue to a forthcoming novel, *The Time of Her Time*. This English edition, not surprisingly, omits the heavily obscene and brilliant pages of the prologue; in the American edition they redeemed the softness and uncertainty of much of the rest of the book. Here was something achieved and confident that offered some hope, and might possibly deter those who scoff at the earnestness of the great American dream of the great American novel. Mr Mailer has in this passage acquired some distance from all his favourite themes, and made from them the beginnings of a sharp, and more than one-sided, story. But it would certainly have been difficult to find witnesses to testify in Court that these omitted pages are, like *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, a late flower of the Puritan tradition or that they throw light on Christian marriage. The tradition, if any, to which they belong is that of the New York intelligentsia, and they throw light, the light of comedy, on the idea of virility as a burden, an old American theme but still one that is too remote from chapel and hearth to impress a British jury as justifying so much description of sexual intercourse. So the omission can scarcely be criticised.

There remain only two things that can be recommended to those who have not previously been interested in Mr Mailer's work: the story 'The Man Who Studied Yoga', and a vivid but unconvincing essay, 'The White Negro', which made an impression when it was first published in the New York periodical, *Dissent*. There are also some very penetrating comments on Hemingway. The rest is for those who have 'followed' Mr Mailer for a number of years, as one follows a team, hoping that he would one day score again, as he scored in *The Naked and the Dead*. *Advertisements* is addressed to them.

The existence of these supporters is easily explained. Mr Mailer is a radical – or, as he would say, a 'revolutionary' – who seriously aspires to be an emblem of the Left. He reminds those who were to some degree formed by the literary excitements of the Thirties, real and false, of their expectations at that time: that the sense of liberation which comes from new forms in imaginative writing is not without relation to a possible new sense of freedom in society: that those who resent the one will resent the other: that young writers who introduce forbidden themes and forms are unacknowledged legislators; and that each new book will make clear what the new legislation is to be. These expectations were much too simple, and, if I may write as one of the survivors of these simplicities, we are ready to atone for them now, by plodding through Genet and Beckett, and dutifully skipping through the novels of Nabokov. But it is a relief, and an indulgence, to have those days of lost hope recalled, and to turn again to an innovating writer, however tentative, who does not seem to be curled up in the corner in some literary rug.

Mr Mailer is very conscious of his supporters here, and is apt to run between them and the field of Literature itself, desperately keeping the two in touch. More disturbing is the impatience that appears as his chief literary characteristic, as if he felt that words and energy were always ebbing away from him, and that there was no time left to him for construction or design. He seems to think of the energy of his words and his scenes – and energy is the centre of his thought – as an action painter might think of his paint: as though the power in the work came from the candour with which the free, creative process is marked on the surface. Creation is assimilated to action, to short rushes of concentrated ferocity, which keep the author going, just one step ahead of the spectre of his own impotence, and of the impotence of art itself. Then the readers may participate, and be left moved, restless and dissatisfied, alongside the author – instead of being satisfied, and also held at a distance, by the finality of a design and of an illusion. Nothing of that kind happens here; the ghost of Henry James, and the principles of construction, are still not effectively challenged. But Mr Mailer may be acquiring a new patience and cunning, and this is probably a bad moment for assessment. Certainly the generosity of his interests will keep his radical followers waiting and hopeful.

The message of the book is Hip, and a rather vaguely imagined sexual revolution. It is easy enough to wish this cause well, taking it as a mood of encouragement and as an aspiration; but it is very difficult to articulate it as a thought and as a programme. It omits too much background. A very large part of the available wealth in the world is at present concentrated in the United States. Conserving and increasing this wealth, most Americans lead unnaturally ordered and regular lives, serving the industrial machine and its ancillary services. The industrial process demands that they accept increasing specialisation in their work, exactly calculable reactions in almost any social situation, and renunciation of any wayward instincts that might disrupt their working group. Their methods of work take them further and further away from spontaneous physical reactions, from tolerance of dirt, irresponsibility, solitude and anti-social impulse. The instinctual renunciation has its cost: hostility to those who at this late date are still unproductive, irresponsible, spontaneous and undisciplined; for they stress by contrast the strain of serving the machine, and are consequently felt to be a threat: 'nervous boredom' (Mr Mailer's phrase), and a cerebral sexual obsession, centring on fears of impotence or ailing physical vitality (reproduced in the stories of Mr Mailer, Tennessee Williams and many others): a day-to-day sleep-walking, or sleep-driving, relieved by fantasies of violence, commercially supplied.

The increasing cost of work, in terms of the full energy of an individual, was accurately described by Lawrence, in *Women in Love* and elsewhere, and by others before him. These are not specifically American conditions, as European nationalists sometimes pretend; they arise from the increasing abstractness of modern work, wherever it is rationally organised. The Common Market men of the future are eagerly advancing in the same direction, and I doubt whether they will be any less ready to embrace the new alienation in Milan than they are in Minneapolis.

What then do we do? The suggestion is that we arrest the process, restore our sense of the concrete and of the immediate, unplanned present, and so regain the full range of our energies as individuals: in fact, become hipsters and jeer at the squares. But this ignores one factor in the situation: that a large proportion of those who live outside the United States have too little to eat at all times in their lives, that they are often destitute and that they lack medical services. Starvation and disease reduce a man's energy – in Mr Mailer's sense of the word, and even in Blake's – more drastically than any amount of sly compromise with the squares. Many of those who are poor and diseased, in South America and in other continents, are doubly dependent on the Western squares: first for material help in escaping from starvation, and secondly for protection against Communist squares, when they feel that they want this protection.

These are depressing and well-known facts, but they do make the Hip programme seem flimsy, when taken in a wider context; it then seems a useful and stimulating luxury, but still a luxury, like all programmes devised to irritate the bourgeoisie which scratch the surface of this famous old obstacle while leaving the realities of economics and of power unchanged. Mr Mailer writes unmistakably in the spirit of Socialism, with Zolaesque doggedness, but there is the difficulty that faces most American Socialists: that their convictions tend to become another cultural ornament, and Socialism itself a fastidious protest against affluence and habits of conformity, for there is no point of contact with a working-class movement.

Mr Mailer is not a social philosopher, but he is a writer of the old realist school, who, like Zola, is in pursuit of a work that will be monumental and popular, the 'art-work' of the future. 'The final purpose of art', he writes, 'is to intensify, even, if

**Advertisements for Myself*. By NORMAN MAILER. *Deutsch*. 21*s*.

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CHATTO & WINDUS

necessary, to exacerbate, the moral consciousness of people'. That he should grope and experiment in order to find some way of presenting imaginatively the relation between sexual frustration and social servitude does not distinguish him. The theme is familiar, almost dominant in recent fiction. Only the headlong, inartistic, candid, egotistical method of groping is new and interesting.

Advertisements for Myself does not give a portrait of the artist as a young man, or even as hero. Rather it calls us into the studio to watch him, and to share his excitement in the action, while he splashes the paint. For the reasons suggested, I shared some part of the excitement. But they are reasons that make a critic feel more than usually precarious in his role. For what in the hipster is a personal aspiration – the restored enjoyment of the concrete and of immediate perception and feeling – has to be a public achievement of the artist, available to all. Hip, therefore, is an invitation to us to be amateurs, artists in intention without benefit of works. Those who have fallen into the habit of criticising the work of their contemporaries know only too well the extent of the gap which is here so lightly crossed: the gap between worthy intentions, which amateurs and hipsters may already share, and an achieved, imaginative effect, which they may finally recognise and accept, with surprise, as true.

History of Mr Wells

The Outline of History. By H. G. WELLS. *Cassell. 36s.*

The Early H. G. Wells. By BERNARD BERGONZI. *Manchester U.P. 21s.*

Wells was the worst enemy of his own literary reputation. He protested so often that he was a publicist, a teacher, a man of ideas, anything but an artist, that everyone ended up by taking him at his word, while his petulant campaign against the Jamesian ideal of fiction, culminating in the wretched *Boon*, has recoiled on his own head. He dashed off an entertaining autobiography which doesn't do him justice (there's no mention whatever of such outstanding early work as *The Island of Dr Moreau*), and most of his pamphleteering confirms the popular view of him as the cheerful prophet of streamlined Things to Come, ruthlessly projecting bakelite utopias and naively over-confident about the benefits of scientific planning. If the hubris of technology demands a scapegoat, Wells seems the obvious choice.

An unfair picture, but Wells undoubtedly provided his opponents with plenty of ammunition in the most influential of his later works, *The Outline of History*, which has been ably revised and brought up to date by Mr Raymond Postgate: the story now ends with Castro and Katanga. The qualities which have made the *Outline* a classic of popularisation – crusading zeal, clarity, a genius for gutting the encyclopaedia – are still plain to see, but so are the brisk prejudices, the banalities, the cigarette-card approach to character. The sections on prehistory stand by themselves; as a historian Wells was at his happiest among the flints and dinosaurs, and at his worst on the arts. He has often been derided for leaving Shakespeare out of his *Short History of the World*, but he was really being more honest than he is in the *Outline*, where he feels compelled to pay the Bard a two-line tribute: 'He was a man of keen humour and great sweetness of mind, who turned every sentence he wrote into melody.' Which is as much as to say that Shakespeares need not apply for admission to the Wellsian world state, although there may be a place for Patience Strong.

The young Wells was in fact very far from being Wellsian in outlook. He was less interested in his cosmic gadgets than in their human implications; science was whatever men made of it, and it wouldn't have surprised him that men were capable of using Zyklon B as well as penicillin. There was a black side to Wells's imagination, and he wavered between extremes of optimism and despair. His feelings about the scientist, as Bernard Bergonzi shows in his excellent study of the early romances, were no less divided; the disinterested savant is akin to the amoral virtuoso tampering with nature. The two stereotypes are brought together in *The Invisible Man*: Griffin, the dangerous outcast, confronts Kemp, the sober research worker toiling away for his FRS. Wells's sympathies are with Kemp and the spirit of South Kensington, but elsewhere he can be as hostile to rationalism as any romantic. Philosophy, as Keats grumbled, will clip an angel's wings – and in *The Wonderful Visit* Wells shows it proposing to do just that. When a seraph descends on a Sussex village the local doctor, a complacent positivist called Crump, decides that its wings are deformities which ought to be amputated. Crump is a mild forerunner of Dr Moreau, whose depraved experiments create a gruesome world of arbitrary suffering, rather like the Deity as portrayed by Professor Empson. Moreau is the meddling intellect run mad, but Wells gives him a hearing.

The scientific romances, Mr Bergonzi argues persuasively, are myths which dramatise Wells's inner conflict over the possibilities of evolutionary man, myths which draw heavily on the intellectual life of the period. Darwin, Nietzsche and Ibsen were all thrown into the brew; the growth of militarism, *The Yellow Book* and a guilty conscience about imperialism make themselves felt. If we are tempted to account for *The Time Machine* in largely Marxist terms, Mr Bergonzi reminds us how many theories of *fin de siècle* degeneration were in the air: the languid, twittering Eloi who inherit the earth might be text book illustrations for Max Nordau. No doubt the young Wells, with his darting intelligence, picked all this up, though if he's not to sound like a walking history of ideas it's important to remember that he rejected as much as he absorbed. In his direst fantasies, there is an element of exhilaration and release, of kicking out against the past.

Mr Bergonzi stops short when he comes to the comedies, which is a pity, since it means that his portrait of Wells is inevitably lopsided. Kipps and Dr Moreau were created by the same man, and Wells often seems wildly uncertain about the scale on which he is supposed to be operating. The picture of *homo sapiens*, forced to choose between extinction or the conquest of space, is always liable to fade out and be replaced by that of Mr Polly, racked with stomach-cramps and declining the world's exhortations to Get On or Get Out. This can lead to a disaster like Bert Smallways in *The War in the Air*, but it's more often a source of strength. Like other masters of fantasy, Wells had a precise sense of the here-and-now and a lively appreciation of the commonplace. In a modern SF story like *The Midwich Cuckoos* the interest is created solely by the cuckoos, and Midwich itself is a conventional backdrop. But in Wells you can feel the ground under your feet.

He remains very firmly anchored, too, to the region which he knows and understands. *The War of the Worlds* is a misleading title, since with the whole earth lying at their mercy the Martians choose to ravage the Home Counties. Weybridge goes up in smoke, the red weed sprouts over Twickenham, refugees trample one another to death at Chalk Farm. Perhaps Wells was lighthearted, even a shade gleeful, about the threat of annihilation which he poised over the settled calm of late-Victorian England. But in those days, of course, it was the settled calm which everyone took for granted.

JOHN GROSS

Love and the Epidermis

Love in Five Temperaments. By J. CHRISTOPHER HEROLD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s*.

Adrienne. The Life of the Marquise de La Fayette. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. *Cape.* 42*s*.

An unscrupulous nun; a Circassian slave girl, brought at the age of four from Turkey to Paris by a French ambassador with an eye to making her his mistress when he retired; a literary lady's maid; an illegitimate aristocrat; an actress combining rapacity and nymphomania with genius – in these women of the French 18th century Mr Herold seeks the precise nature of their capacity for love. The first three gave up and settled for peace, cynicism or religion. The last two did not want to be cured and never were. None was monogamously virtuous, none was normal in the sense that M. André Maurois' Marquise de La Fayette was normal – that is to say, contented with fidelity. Married off by her family at 14 to a husband of 16, the Marquise had the luck to adore him at first sight, to admire him as a trying and egotistical national hero; she even became the friend of his gifted mistress.

In what Chamfort affectedly called the 'exchange of two fancies and the contact of two epidermises' the upper classes of the French 18th century were perforce specialists. Libertinage was encouraged not only by leisure, the laxity of the Church, but by the system of arranged marriages that was the aristocracy's financial bulwark. This is not to assert that there was more adultery then than in other periods – the amount of love going on at any time, and its varieties, are, pretty certainly, constant. But the men and women of the *ancien régime* felt that they owed it to themselves to be endlessly analytical and literate about the heart. There must have been more separation than union, for there was an excessive amount of leisure for literary exercise. They go through love with a tooth comb, and a great deal of it turns out to be vanity and self-regard. Yet in each of Mr Herold's aberrant women there is a stronger chord which is sooner or later struck and his purpose is to define it. At the end of his book one realises how much richer biography is here than the modern novel, which in its eagerness to get into bed with people has failed utterly to characterise the wide differences of impulse and motive. Mr Herold's English is shaky – 'Petrified, Mlle Delaunay was swept along to Versailles. . . .'

This weekend in

THE SUNDAY TIMES

MONTY IN RED CHINA

Wherever Lord Montgomery goes he makes *news*. Now he has returned from a tour of Communist China where he has had talks with the Chinese leaders (including a nine-hour interview with Mao Tse-tung). This Sunday he describes his visit behind the Bamboo Curtain—in a revealing article exclusively in THE SUNDAY TIMES.

IAIN MACLEOD FACES HIS CRITICS

Explains His Defence of Chamberlain

In an outspoken article, the new leader of the Commons anticipates a hostile reaction to his new and controversial biography of Neville Chamberlain (which will start serialisation in THE SUNDAY TIMES *next* week). This Sunday Mr. Macleod explains why he wrote this book and where he feels history has been unjust to the Man of Munich.

'QUEEN OF THE WHODUNNITS'

AGATHA CHRISTIE talks frankly about her life as a crime-writer

It is said that Agatha Christie has made more money out of murder than any woman since Lucrecia Borgia. Yet at 70, grey-haired and plump, she looks exactly what she is—a middle-class wife, mother and grandmother. This Sunday, Miss Christie talks frankly to Julian Symons (himself a distinguished writer of crime fiction).

WHAT THE TORIES SAY

The Conservative Party Conference is being held at Brighton in an atmosphere of crisis at home and abroad. For a more clear picture of the Party's present position and plans for the future, Britain awaits the Prime Minister's speech on Saturday. Read the brilliant interpretive reporting of the news-behind-the-news at Brighton—by James Margach, our Political Correspondent.

'Snap, Crackle, MOM!'

America has been described as a matriarchy—the most female-dominated society of the 20th century. American corn-flakes, says one social satirist, go "snap, crackle, MOM!" Now a young Austrian cartoonist has immortalised various types of modern American women in a brilliantly irreverent series—extracts from which will appear this Sunday.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

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Penguin Handbooks give intelligent people practical help in their active interests – and at very little cost. But, although they cost so little, many cannot be bettered at any price. Each is written by an acknowledged authority, and deals concisely and clearly with the subject in a way that appeals to the intelligence, while giving practical help at any level of experience you need. As a result, people taking their first steps find them informative and helpful, and even experts who know the subject well can read them with enjoyment and profit.

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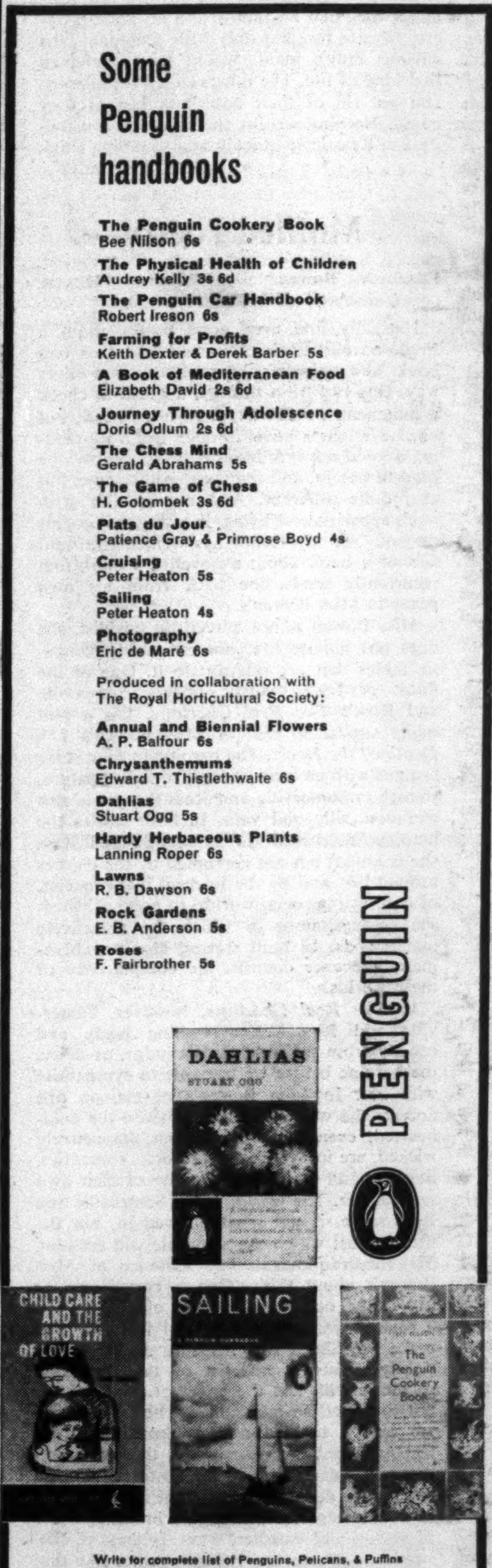
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TBW 178

Pleasures for Pelican People

Don't say a word to the specialists, who despise the jackdaw picking of other men's brains for exquisitely useless facts on subjects other than their own – but among this month's new batch of Penguins there's a fact-pocketer's delight called *Musical Instruments Through the Ages,* edited by Anthony Baines. This is the sort of book that explains how, while the Early Christians were being munched by the lions, some Roman forerunner of the cinema-organist pounded away mood music on an organ called a hydraulus, with the inevitable result that the Early Christian liturgy was notably short on organ music. In the Dark Ages you either played the organ rather violently by hitting the thing with a clenched fist, or carried a dear little portative organ about with you in medieval processions, blowing away with the left hand, playing with the right, and keeping your long medieval sleeves as far as possible out of the music.

The shawm, a jolly reed instrument which Bartók heard played in Algeria and on which he commented coldly that indoors the sound nearly busts your eardrums, is played without drawing breath and with a device to support the blown-out cheeks. In ancient Greece they bandaged the shawm-player up as a safety measure against cheek-sag, cutting a small hole in the middle so as to allow some sort of contact between reed and breath. An Athenian writer of the second century A.D. described the 'islanders of the Ocean', or early Britons, as keen panpipers. And in the last few years a small firm in Calcutta has produced the unforgettable 'O.K. phone', cautiously described by Mr. Baines as 'a kind of zitherized re-creation of the ancestor of the clavichord' and surely no one could say fairer than that.

This gluttonously enjoyable and learned but most unsolemn book is illustrated with pictures of ancient musical instruments of great decorative elegance, cross-sections of others to show their remarkable innards, and here and there a line drawing of, say, an Anglo-Saxon king moodily strumming on an Anglo-Saxon lyre or a fourteenth-century person in winklepickers plucking strangely at the psaltery. Each section is contributed by a different specialist, and there's a specially lively chapter by the king of percussion Mr. James Blades, with some cautiously phrased information about how the percussion players, 'in a comradely way', work out among themselves who is going to find a spare minute to have a bash at the wood block, sleigh bells, cowbell, anvil, and thunder-sheet when the need arises.

Once having thoroughly mastered the history of musical instruments, you can limber up for a fast gallop through Penguin's 1961 issue of *World Events,* which gets the whole of 1960 neatly down on paper, not forgetting one or two facts that may so far have passed you by completely. There is more enlightenment on living in the present from Michael Young's satire written with a 2034 A.D. eyeview *The Rise of the Meritocracy,* and reporters on the sex war should especially note his section on the Modern Feminist Movement, paying close attention to the eugenic campaign launched by Professor Eagle and his helpful wife.

When you think quickly of a Penguin (and most quick thinkers call up the instant image of a small mostly orange book as often as a medium-sized bird in evening dress) do you think of fiction (this month's bunch includes *Lucky Jim,* the book *someone* must have called seminal away back in 1954) or of some unexpected publication of quite a different shape? This month produces the *Penguin Atlas of Medieval History,* by Colin McEvedy. This irresistible half-guinea's worth tells, through maps, where in A.D. 528 you went for amber, furs, papyrus, slaves, and emeralds and also enables you to pinpoint the Volga Bulgars, the Khanate of the Golden Horde, and something fairly enigmatic but once clarified surely never forgotton called Ghuzz. As a clearer-up of the medieval muddle that hangs about in the minds of too many of us, this beautiful and curiously fairy-tale book must be kept ready to hand and never lent to anybody.

This month those whose temperament and habits bend towards what the library shelves refer to desperately as non-fiction can bone up in Pelicans on Hinduism, bridge, the history of the Christian Church from 1789 to the present day, and organic chemistry, and if every Pelican ever published, properly read and digested and not just bought and stored in a spirit of hopefulness, didn't make a full Renaissance Man out of a Pelican addict, it would be only by some unaccountable oversight on the part of the editors.

SEMANTHA JONES

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But his perceptions, though cool, are reliable.

There is Madame de Tencin. She suffers the indignity offered to undisposable daughters: the family make a nun of her. She complains of the harshness and pettiness of convent life though, like the other nuns, she received lovers, flirted with visiting confessors. This promising start does not slacken. After her escape she became the mistress of a number of famous men, two of them Cardinals and one of these her brother. Did Madame de Tencin love? The essence of her case is that she was a woman of charm and brain who wanted power. Since she could not have the power of a man, she sought it vicariously through men and especially through her brother upon whom almost frenziedly she projected her own image. Through him she loved herself and he was, alas, a lazy dolt whose mechanical humbug and cynicism transcended immorality and became simply ludicrous.

Or there is Aïssé, the Circassian. Simple, sincere, honorable, beautiful, she had to endure the shock of being demanded, when the time came, by the man she had supposed was her adoptive father. Love as a titillation of two vanities was impossible to her. When at last she loved it was with all her heart. She bore a child. Her weakness lay in a moral isolation from the society around her and her emotions were easily exploited by a maniacal prude from Geneva who convicted her of sin, dragged her easily into the mire of remorse for crimes that had been committed on her. She died young in full wretchedness at the hands of this Christian sadist.

Of the other women in Mr Herold's book, Mlle de Lespinasse is a brilliant blue stocking, gaunt and, it would seem, undersexed. She was accomplished in emotional duplicity. D'Alembert – the abandoned son of Mme de Tencin – married her; Voltaire made jokes about his impotence; in the meantime, she was passionately in love with a Spaniard who was dying and from whom she was usually separated. She had clearly experienced a late sexual awakening for, while waiting for the Spaniard, she started swearing away her soul and body to another lover who was inveigled into becoming the confidant of her sorrows. Such comedies are common; what is not common is the violence of her feeling ('I need you like a drug': she was in fact an opium addict) and her conception of love as self destruction. To call her intellectually infatuated with this idea is not enough; she carried it into practice, and in terrifying letters described what obsession is. Her death must be called a triumph of the will.

The discipline by which Maurois' Marquise lives is inherited from a good upbringing, religious yet enlightened, principled yet gentle, in which the sense of obligation overcomes the desire to rule or possess. Her husband loved her but found other women more stimulating; in her own family, the management of her estates, and in her ardent support of his ideas, she had her satisfaction. She behaved with spirit during the Terror and when La Fayette went into exile and was miserably imprisoned at Olmütz, she followed him to share his suffering. She has been little known and M. Maurois' discovery of a huge store of La Fayette's papers is important both for what they tell about her and about his career. On her death bed she tried to entice from him a belief in the divinity of Christ; he evaded by a joke and said he belonged to 'the La Fayette sect'. She replied that she belonged a little to that sect too. M. Maurois' habit of putting forward letters to speak for themselves brings out Adrienne at the expense of the Marquis, who is obviously more interesting, but his book is readable and neat. Mr Herold's ladies were at one serious disadvantage compared with the Marquise; they had no family and no great property to care for; but only Mlle Delaunay, the envious lady's maid, would have preferred that kind of life. The others called it philistine and got rid of their babies as fast as they could. Nothing wrecks the cause of Sensibility and Reason so quickly as a squalling child.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Muffled Poetry

Elizabeth Bowen. By WILLIAM HEATH. *University of Wisconsin.* $4.50.

I usually find even good books about a single novelist boring, just as I find even bad books about single poets profitable in a queer way. One can whip through a poem to check a judgment, or one has it in one's head; but one never has a novel in one's head. Re-reading a good novel is like revisiting a town one used to live in, and finding it is the same, but also quite different. And novels alter with one's experience of living, in a way that poems do not. Yet Mr Heath has written the right sort of a book about a novelist, a book that recurrently sends one back from his own pages to Miss Bowen's.

Miss Bowen is not a realistic novelist, she does not imitate life, but constructs romantic fables that are relevant to it. One of the finest of Irish realistic novels, Somerville and Ross's *The Real Charlotte*, has a plot oddly similar to that of Miss Bowen's *The Death of the Heart*. The heroine in each story is a girl with an innocent and confiding nature, though in Somerville and Ross the girl is also common, silly and vain. In both stories the heroine is crushed (in Somerville and Ross she is killed) but not corrupted by the clashes around her, and by the internal inadequacies, of contrasting social worlds, to none of which she belongs, none of which she objectively understands. In both stories, also, the heroine's innocence disturbs the complacency of these worlds.

In *The Real Charlotte*, however, Somerville and Ross see everything justly and exactly from the outside. We judge, or place, the heroine before we are able to sympathise with her. In Miss Bowen's novels, no one accepts the world as a judge. Even the cold-hearted, even the vulgar, even the actively wicked, are in Miss Bowen's books romantics, living in and for their own sense of their own style of life. The world, in the Somerville and Ross sense, is not what is lived in, but the wall against which the romantic will collides. Mr Heath quotes a key sentence of Miss Bowen's about this: 'One is empowered to live fully: occasion does not offer.'

Miss Bowen's characters, in fact, want to make life like a story. She is, as Mr Heath rightly insists, a novelist of the frustrated romantic will. But the effect of her books is not to underline frustration. The prose, crisp yet heavy, tangled and autumnal, conveys through symbolic description, through startling particularisation of the abstract, through the strange defining precision of sentences full of double negatives, through a brooding sense of season and weather, what 'fullness of life' would be. There is a richness rather like that of Roman elegy. But the passionate determination of the characters' daydreams, like the muscular thrust of Miss Bowen's own sentences – one thinks of the sharp, swift stride of a countrywoman along paths hard with frost and claggy with dead leaves – robs, even if it sometimes only just robs, this mood-world of mere weak wistfulness. And wild, parodic or exaggerative comedy – I think more often of Thackeray, Charles Lever, Somerville and Ross than, like Mr Heath, of Jane Austen – blows bracingly across these autumnal paths, a wind of sudden high screeching laughter.

Mr Heath felicitously notes that the critic who most pleased Miss Bowen was the one who described her as being a 'muffled poet'. He has an eye for good remarks by other critics: Mr Graham Greene, for instance, noted that Miss Bowen cannot make time pass but that she cashes in on this deficiency by working in scenes or blocks and by making a great use of retrospects and time-jumps. He has good remarks of his own, as when he notes that Eddie in *The Death of the Heart* is very like Lucky Jim, seen in a quite different and much sterner moral perspective.

There are things in his book I do not agree with. *Friends and Relations* seems to me a more 'poetic' novel, and less a poorish carbon copy of *Mansfield Park*, than he makes out; I would instance the elegiac quality of the last section, about Janet's and Laurel's visits to their parents in Cheltenham. In a fine short story, 'Summer Night', there is a beautiful sentence setting the inception of an adultery: 'There was no moon, but dry, tense, translucent darkness: no dew fell'. For Mr Heath this expresses the 'dryness and sterility' of a romantic woman's yielding to 'mindless sexuality' – surely a gross over-simplification. And I don't miss in Miss Bowen what Mr Heath calls the 'elemental', meaning descriptions of copulation.

Finally, *A World of Love* may be more a kind of pastoral allegory than a straight or proper novel. Mr Heath brilliantly notes that its famous last sentence, 'They no sooner looked but they loved', is lifted straight from Rosalind. But it is my favourite Bowen novel as *Persuasion* is my favourite Austen novel. Of course, *The Heat of the Day* and *Mansfield Park* are probably 'greater'. And what Miss Bowen needs for her reputation now is probably not that kind of addict's confession but precisely Mr Heath's solid attentions.

G. S. FRASER

Bring back Bolingbroke

Beaconsfield and Bolingbroke. By RICHARD FABER. *Faber.* 18*s.*

Nineteenth-century Liberals were provided with a ready-made if spurious political pedigree by the Whig historians of their day; Disraeli had to invent his own Tory apostolic succession. Preferring to ignore the claims of Peel. Wellington, Pitt (after 1789) and Clarendon, he was left with an oddly assorted trio – Bolingbroke, Carteret and Shelburne – whom he attempted to portray as fighting a common battle against Venetian politics, Dutch finance and French wars, and harbouring the common vision of a patriot king who would restore the nation to its primitive temper and integrity. Since Carteret and Shelburne were not only political failures but Whigs, it is scarcely surprising that it was Bolingbroke who became Disraeli's real father-figure, and whom he proceeded to endow with all the qualities and ideas by which he himself set store.

Mr Faber is too sensible to take Disraeli's portrait of Bolingbroke at its face value, but he does attempt in this brief but modest and readable essay to compare the political ideas of the two men and hence illuminate the character of the 'right-wing party' in British politics. Inevitably he runs into difficulties. Disraeli was no orthodox Tory, and the twin pillars of his new Conservatism – imperialism and social reform – owed nothing to Bolingbroke. Nor is it easy to compare the party leader *par excellence* with the man who became a prominent advocate of non-party government. Bolingbroke may have started his career as a rabid Tory, but he lived to write scathing indictments of his former associates and advise their permanent exclusion from power. Perhaps this is why Mr Faber is forced to describe him as an 'Old Whig', but in so doing he concedes that party labels explain little in 18th-century politics; and when he goes on to talk of Walpole's supporters as a left-wing party and his Tory opponents as a right-wing one, he ceases to make any sense at all. He is doubtless correct in his assumption that Bolingbroke and Disraeli both wanted to restore something, that both drew inspiration from a bygone age, whether of Elizabeth or Charles I. But this regard for the past, which he sees as the essential characteristic of right-wing parties, is surely also an abiding element in the Whig-Liberal tradition; and, while I share his preference for politics that 'marry change with tradition' over those that offer a doctrinaire blue-print for a brave new world, I am a bit sceptical of the merits of his 'restoratism'. If we should consult the accumulated wisdom of our ancestors, we should beware of their accumulated ignorance. Sentimental nostalgia for a lost golden age can also seek to 'bring back the birch'.

JOHN OWEN

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There and Back

The Lake Regions of Central Africa. By Sir Richard Burton. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 84s.

Six lives of Richard Burton were published within a score of years of his death, and it is not difficult to see why. Burton fascinated the Victorians. He appealed to their vanity with his fine swashbuckling assumption that an Englishman could and should go anywhere he pleased, and as he pleased, and when he pleased. He tickled their complacency with his rebellious disrespect for established authority. He amused them with his strange Pre-Raphaelite prose; filled them with admiration for a courage that was never in doubt; and – crowning virtue – finally ministered to their sexual repressions with a magnificently frank translation of the *Arabian Nights.* It was this last work, done at home after a lifetime of writing books that came from scorching travel in harsh places, which at last drove the wolf of poverty from Burton's door: an irony that was followed, after his death, by his ever-loving wife's ban on further publication of her husband's work without the sanction of the National Vigilance Committee, a body which Burton must have despised from the bottom of his heart.

It has been often said of this remarkable man that he was born out of his time, that he should have sailed under Drake or marched under Wellington (with both of whom he would have famously quarrelled). I am inclined to think that Burton might have agreed. His highly romantic view of life always seems to have included himself and his enterprises. One can see the mask he liked to wear (and perhaps by then it was no longer a mask) in Leighton's startling portrait of 1876, reproduced on the dust jacket of these volumes: a man got up to look like an Elizabethan peer, the whole bearing and expression of his strong and handsome face being one of lone-wolf conviction and contempt for rivals.

His literary output was copious, ranging from *A Complete System of Bayonet Exercise* in youth to *The Scented Garden* in old age, another agreeably salacious translation from the Arabic that was duly destroyed in manuscript by Lady Burton. But his writer's reputation will rest on half a dozen outstanding travel books, including the narratives of a daring visit to Mecca and Medina, a brilliant explorer's foray in the Horn of Africa, a journey through the highlands of Brazil, an official visit to the King of Dahomey (of all his works, perhaps, the one that most needs rescuing from obscurity), and the dogged attainment of Lake Tanganyika – here reprinted after 101 years in two volumes that do much credit to the publishers in all respects save the deplorable omission of a map.

The book is indispensable to a proper study of inner East Africa, and a splendid traveller's tale into the bargain. It is not, however, – with respect to Mr Alan Moorehead, who writes a brief but enthusiastic introduction – 'one of the best books' that Burton ever wrote; and it is certainly not, as claimed by the *New Yorker* in a dust-jacket quote, 'one of the best explorer's journals ever written'. These claims are too high, and the fault is not Burton's. He marched nearly 1,000 miles to the head of Lake Tanganyika, a great feat in face of every sort of discouragement; but then, lacking the means to go further, he was obliged to march straight back again. This was enough to provide an important book, and the journal is certainly that; unfortunately, the hazards and horrors of travelling through a country turned to anarchy by its own history and the Zanzibari slave trade distracted Burton far too often, and transformed his journal into a catalogue of miseries. He put up with the miseries as a gentleman should, but he never saw the joke (compare Mary Kingsley in the forests of Gaboon), and he seldom found the least sympathy for the Africans among whom he suffered (compare Livingstone in much the same region of East Africa at much the same time). Moreover, he had the nettling experience of a younger companion with whom he bitterly quarrelled almost from the start; and whatever one may think of Speke, one can hardly see him as the trivial fool of Burton's nagging scorn.

The trouble with Burton, really, was that he disliked people. His books bear ample evidence of a profound pessimism about the fate of the world. He tackled the challenge of unknown Africa after years in India that had saddled him with the additional handicap of an ethnocentric conceit which constantly blurred his vision of the men and things he discovered and described. He had great book knowledge but little depth, great endurance but little vision, great ambition but little purpose. 'He plunged into adventures', as Henry Nevinson said of him 50 years ago, 'for the sake of adventure, and travelled for the sake of travel... He saw everything clearly, but everything on the flat'.

Basil Davidson

Deserts and Diamonds

Catherine the Great. By Ian Grey. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25s.

As if they were rationed to a single illustration, most biographers let the impression of their subject at one particular age stand as master-portrait for the whole life. A. J. P. Taylor's Bismarck is the congested walrus of late middle age before the doctors renovated him, stuffing handfuls of shrimps into the cavity beneath his moustache. He makes the Chancellor's personality vivid by showing its relationship to ill-health and pain, but the penalty is a failure to explain the younger, healthier Bismarck whose abrupt changes of view remain mysterious. In the present book, Mr Grey fixes Catherine at the very outset of her life, when she came to Russia as a girl of 16 with dark hair and a pointed chin: a sounder tactic, for all her later excesses and abilities had their origin in the self-pity of her powerful mind in adolescence.

All through the youth of this German princess came experiences of promised love immediately snatched away again. Her ambitious mother fussed over her in public and behaved with icy indifference to her in private. Her arranged husband, the Grand Duke Peter, seemed to offer at least an escape, but he turned out to be impotent, neglecting her to play with toy soldiers. The reigning Empress Elizabeth showed her real tenderness when she arrived, then turned on her with hatred when she did not deliver an heir.

All around her lay the chaos of Russia, and the chaos of unreliable human beings who blazed with passion at one moment and at the next fell into listlessness and melancholy. Catherine found a way to keep herself stable. She read books about natural laws and settled principles. It so happened that these books, which she read as she lay in pain and abandoned after producing a son by a

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courtier to save the Romanov name, were the works of Montesquieu and Voltaire, and that the system they taught was that of humanism and liberal government. Catherine, as everybody knows, became a convert to the Enlightenment. But that conversion always remained a matter of emotion rather than of intellectual conviction. The violent attraction of the systems of the Encyclopaedists was that they were systematic, offering her not liberty in a world of despots, but despotism over her own mind in surroundings where the free will ran wild.

Mr Grey brings out all the pain of that contradiction in his study of Catherine's work for Russia. To him the central failure of Catherine's reign and personality came at a moment in 1767. The delegates from all the dominions of Russia were discussing in Moscow the great 'Nakaz', the law code written out by the Empress herself whose clauses came direct from the works of Montesquieu and Beccaria, which condemned torture and absentee landlordism, which stated that reform, not retribution, should be the purpose of punishment. And at the same time Catherine was signing the law which condemned to the knout and to life exile any peasant who complained against his landowner.

Her foreign policy, as it developed, was at once over-rational and wicked. She made the mistake of conceiving vast, logical designs for the future of Europe, like the conquest of all European Turkey and a neat redistribution among her allies of the Balkans she did not require. She made the mistake of taking Prussia as an ally, which led to the convenient partitions of Poland and to the spurious theory that Russians and Germans would always be bound together by the need to keep their Poles in subjugation.

Such zeal for system was one consequence of her unhappiness. The other was a passion to be loved by men. Catherine was not only a desperately sexual woman; she returned physical love with great affection, mothering and tolerating her lovers in their wildest indiscretions. She liked fierce Russian men, and when at last she chose Potemkin, she found one of the giants of the earth – and was strong enough to hold him. Mr Grey avoids none of all this, and out of his study of the incredible dealings of the two lovers with each other rises an impression of Potemkin to confirm the judgment of the Prince de Ligne: 'He is the emblem of the immense Russian Empire; he also is composed of deserts, of gold mines and of diamonds: he is the most extraordinary man who ever lived.'

Almost everything which Catherine did turned out badly. The 'Nakaz', with its proud boast that Russia was a part of Europe, was mere writing on water. In education, in the arts, and in spreading the cult of foreign travel and foreign ideas, Catherine had great influence. But even here was a hollowness, leading to the world of futile Russian reformers haunting German spas and of unhappy children reared on half-baked ideas taken from *Emile*: the world of Turgenev's novels.

It would have been easy for Mr Grey to tell the story of her crimes and failures, and then to add: 'But she had a mysterious charm which made people love her.' The achievement of this engrossing biography, whose fault is occasional staleness in language, is that he makes the reader understand this giant charm, and see its relationship to her failings.

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Ice in the Bedroom. By P. G. Wodehouse. *Jenkins.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Wodehouse at Work. By Richard Usborne. *Jenkins.* 21*s.*

Wodehouse, 80 on Sunday, goes on wonderfully turning them out and it is an indication of how well we know him and them that no one is likely to expect from *Ice in the Bedroom* a study of marital frigidity. The 'ice' is Oofy's wife's sparklers, snitched by a couple of American crooks and stashed on top of a suburban wardrobe. The premises are now occupied by a lady-writer of romances, vowed to doing her one and only Gissing ('All you have to do is cut out the plot and shove in plenty of misery'). Her winsome secretary has recently given the old heave-ho to Freddie Widgeon (club: *The Drones*), who lives next door with an upper-class policeman. The ice-nobblers are foiled, a mislaid, snake-loving husband is found, a legacy turns up, and the Drones lose another bachelor.

If this cryptic outline leaves much to be desired, it is because the Wodehouse plot is no laughing matter. As Mr Usborne points out, in his robust and crafty study, Wodehouse inspissates his material over many months of trial and error, nudging himself in the margin into even more sub-plots and a higher frequency of gags and 'nifties': 'Try this. Vet gives Lord E. wrong bottle for Empress – turns her blue. T.P. sees blue pig and it sends him on the wagon'. Nor is material wasted. Some of the books have been plays first and there is one famous case, instanced by Mr Usborne, of a book (*Spring Fever*) being dramatised for the American market and the subsequent script re-appearing as a new novel, *The Old Reliable.* Famous, not infamous, because the timeless Wodehouse world has never needed more than two or three ur-plots, anyway.

What the plots do is reassure. Like crossword puzzles and some branches of higher mathematics, they pose quite artificial problems; and the virtue of artificial problems is that they can be solved. Raw life, which goes on outside anagrams and notational elegancies, tends always towards compromise, but a good detective story or a good farce, by setting up its own terms of reference, 'comes out' every time. And the Wodehouse plot is pursued by a restricted, often retarded range of characters. Terrible aunts, didactic butlers, comic crooks and doddering noblemen are set against the four types of young person distinguished in *Wodehouse at Work*: the blah burbler (Bertie, Freddie), the breezy buzzer (Psmith, Jeff), the soupy do-gooder (Honoria, Madeline) and the 'boy-shaped, festive little squirts' (Bobbie, Stiffy).

But if Wodehouse had done no more than create trap-doors and escape-hatches for a mess of puppets, his day would have been past long ago. What preserves the whole giant opus, as in amber, is a remarkable artificiality of language. 'I see you're lushing up the dumb chums', says Freddie Widgeon watching his neighbour ('dear old lettuce-distributor') feeding rabbits. This compulsive hesitancy to say anything straight, enacted with a sort of lunatic verve, is the great Wodehouse achievement, parcelled out among his narrators and heroes with lavish hand. It is periphrastic mania, raised every now and then to something like art.

Mr Usborne, unwisely, I think, ends his pleasant chapters with groups of 'Images' purloined at random from the books. They fade, out of their stream-of-unconsciousness. But he sees his admired subject soberly enough to deal death-blows to a few *chichi* illusions: the myth of Wodehouse's wide and scholarly reading gets short shrift, and he skilfully establishes that a lot of the elaborate verbiage depends on spoofing tripe-novels of 40 or 50 years ago quite as much as on play with buried quotations. He seems to have recognised that a work of practical criticism on Wodehouse would be as solemnly inapposite as an inquiry into Bertie Wooster's sex-life. Instead, he offers a leisurely, informative companion to the 80-odd volumes – some of which are shortly to be reissued by Mayflower Paperbacks and Penguin – and a very funny appendix on Wodehouse-in-French.

John Coleman

Smog of the Spirit

The Edge of Sadness. By Edwin O'Connor. *Reinhardt.* 18*s.*

The Sot-Weed Factor. By John Barth. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*

Abbie and Arthur. By Dane Chandos. *Joseph.* 15*s.*

Spectrum. Edited by Kingsley Amis and Robert Conquest. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

The Last Hurrah, the previous book by Edwin O'Connor to be published in England, was one of these political novels which American writers produce so much more capably than English ones, and it deserved its huge success. In *The Edge of Sadness* Mr O'Connor is once again concerned with the Irish Catholic community of a big American city, but religion has now taken the place of politics. With politics Mr O'Connor seems to be more at home. His priest, Father Hugh Kennedy, who is also his narrator, never becomes as vivid as the members of the Carmody family with whom his destiny has been intertwined since his earliest youth. The head of this family, Charlie Carmody, is as brilliant a feat of characterisation as the crude, venial, appealing politician in *The Last Hurrah* and it is he who jerks the book up on to a totally different level with each of his appearances. Brutish, bullying and vulgarly rich, he has a kind of monstrous charm and one finds oneself eagerly awaiting each of his entrances. The priest, on the other hand, comes only intermittently to life. 'What is really dreadful, what I find genuinely frightening, is this spreading, endless despair, hanging low like a blanket, never lifting, the fatal slow smog of the spirit.' Mr O'Connor succeeds in conveying this 'smog of the spirit' with an impressive and touching gravity; but the spiritual tensions which are its ultimate source are never realised with a sufficient urgency.

The Irish Americans as they appear in this book and its predecessor strike one as singularly unattractive: their vigour brashness, their charm a kind of emotional dishonesty, their religiosity primitive, their loyalties parochial. One suspects a certain ambivalence in Mr O'Connor's attitude to them, and this may perhaps account for the lushness in which the book gets bogged down from time to time. Despite its several virtues there are occasions when *The Edge of Sadness* becomes the Edge of Sentimentality.

The Sot-Weed Factor, another American novel, will scarcely achieve as much popular success as the O'Connor, even though the dust-jacket informs the reader that in it 'a spade is called a spade, a whore a whore, a c... a c...'. It is a brilliant pastiche of late 17th and early 18th-century literature – as it were, a lost novel by Defoe or Smollett which recreates with a remarkable air of verisimilitude a whole lost world. Immensely long and written in a deliberately archaic style which will bewilder or exasperate many readers, it traces the picaresque adventures of its hero Eben Cooke first in London and Cambridge, then on the high seas as he voyages to the New World to claim his family estates and produce a poem which is to be called his Marylandiad, and finally in America itself. A number of the incidents read as though they had derived from Restoration Comedy, but the elaborate virtuosity of the style in which they are related will no doubt safeguard them from any charge of being likely to corrupt. Eben ends up as factor of a sot-weed (tobacco) estate, and in marrying a harlot, Joan Toast, whom in his earliest youth he had rejected in order to safeguard his virginity, makes atonement for 'the crime of innocence, whereof the knowledged must bear the burden. There's the true original sin our souls are born in: not that Adam *learned* but that he *had* to learn – in short, that he was innocent.' I found this book exceedingly enjoyable; but its appeal is likely to be specialised.

More certain to beguile the public at large is *Abbie and Arthur, a* sequel to *Abbie,* Dane Chandos's novel about a maddening, enchanting, mean, bullying, kind, hugely wealthy artistocrat called Lady Abbot-Acland. Abbie is patently an older relative of the American Auntie Mame and of the two she is, I find, the more amusing. Like Auntie Mame, she has a nephew and much of the narrative is taken up with the letters which she writes to him every Monday morning. With her monocle, her husky voice and her blue hair she has long been a taste of which I have been vaguely ashamed: like liking *crême de menthe* or *nougat* or Baked Alaska. In this volume Mr Chandos has contrived some highly diverting predicaments from which she must extricate herself with her usual blend of courage, gall, frankness, stinginess and loyalty. The trouble is that it always *is* the usual blend: in the case of a character of this kind the element of surprise must inevitably be absent. If she is aboard the Giovanni Gabotto when it is in collision with a Norwegian freighter miles out of New York, then it is predictable that she will survive the disaster with coolness and fortitude, that she will sue both steamship companies impartially for damages, and that in cabling news of the disaster to her anxious relatives she will, for reasons of economy, confine herself to the words: 'Detained. Abbie.'

The editors of *Spectrum* rightly point out that science fiction can no more be criticised as though it were ordinary fiction than a painting can be criticised as though it were a bas-relief. They argue that in recent years there has been too much concentration in the novel on the inner life and that science fiction, by turning the imagination outwards, serves to redress this balance. Each of the stories in this anthology displays a scant concern for the elaboration of character combined with a cool virtuosity in the handling of external events. Best of an entertaining collection is 'The Midas Plague' by Frederik Pohl, a brilliantly ironic glimpse of a topsy-turvy world in which the chief duty of the proletariat is to use up consumer goods while the privileged are allowed to live in simplicity and even squalor.

FRANCIS KING

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CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER include: "The Concept of Progress in World History," by Academician E. M. Zhukov, from *Bulletin of the Academy of Sciences* (*Vestnik Akademia Nauk*), 1961, No. 4. Y. Kondratiev's book review of I. Neupokoieva, *The Revolutionary Romanticism of Shelley,* from *Problems of Literature* (*Voprosy Literaturi*), 1961, No. 3. "Genetics and Philosophy," by G. V. Platonov, from *Scientific Reports of the Higher School, Philosophic Sciences* (*Nauchanie Dorklady Vishei Shkoli, Filosofskie Nauki*), 1961, No. 2. "Compulsory Treatment for Chronic Alcoholics," by D. Kolaver, K. Tsaparov, and E. Sharankov, from *Journal of Neuropathology and Psychiatry* (*Zhurnal Nevropatologii i Psikhiatrii*), 1961, No. 4. "A Bachelor with a Gas Stove," a short story by Leonid Lench, from *The Star* (*Zvezda*) 1961, No. 3.

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When My Girl Comes Home. By V. S. PRITCHETT. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

> 'Here, lay off. I'm a bachelor,' said Plushy when I kissed my wife.

This gentle joke, from one of the stories in *When My Girl Comes Home,* prompts a number of reflections. First, its naturalness: what a fine ear Pritchett has for the turns of speech of his favourite *milieu* – urban, shabby, respectable, a bit old-fashioned, with a fern on a stand, ornaments on the *chiffonier*, blue suit on Sundays, white-scrubbed front doorstep. Then, how non-committally he records them, stating flatly so that their words have the grotesque permanence of gargoyles, fixed in print, but echoing sometimes with a permanent wisdom, an isolated pathos. ' "Round the park at night! That was love." ' His own characters would probably call Pritchett 'very dry' – 'He's very dry, on the quiet' – meaning 'very funny'; and he is. Plushy, the joker, trembles on the brink of exploding into flower as one of the great Pritchett clowns, those huge uncle-figures, revivalists furious with sin, stout madmen in braces shoring up impossible projects, willing husbands lovingly lashing their wives with their tongues. Puritans predominate; Plushy's quip acknowledges their place; and in the past, at least, much of Pritchett's driving-force seemed to come from the Puritan struggle. This, though, doesn't always imply sex as the subject-matter: for one of the major tensions in his books has always seemed to me to be that between his sense of life and the demands of form. Here again, Plushy is apposite. The narrator's wife doesn't like him, although he's her husband's best friend, and although – still more significantly – he has a bouncing, jack in-the-box vitality that must have been temptation itself to Pritchett. What's wrong with Plushy?

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> It went back to the time when she first met me, and Plushy told her I was a married man with two children and not to break up a happy home. Plushy was always having a lark like that with her. 'I don't like men who tell lies,' Nell said. It worried her when people made jokes. She really believed them.

The full force of this mild remark only appears at the end of the story, when we learn that Nell herself is a pathological liar who believes her own fantasies. Words are important to her, you see.

The neatness of this story, 'The Necklace', is echoed in the others reprinted here. In 'The Wheelbarrow', a Gospel preacher helps a widow burn her dead father's belongings, is attracted by her, then denounces her to his congregation, failing to mention what he made on their transaction. In 'The Fall', an accountant at an Annual Dinner repeatedly demonstrates the stage fall taught him by his film-star brother, but at the last, drunken before an imaginary audience, finds he's never learnt to *bow*, and falls flat on his face. In 'The Snag', a rackety divorcee jilts the rackety narrator in favour of a pedantic bore – with whom she's very happy. In 'On the Scent', a daydreaming elderly museum assistant, spouting preposterous wartime slang, is revealed as an ex-Intelligence man with a phenomenal memory. And so on: all these stories give more than a nod in the direction of the twist-ending, the trick surprise, the punch-line. What makes them live is the tension between this exigency and Pritchett's respect for chaos.

This is clearest in the long title story, describing the return to small-shopkeepers' London of a twice-married beauty who was in Japan throughout the war – not interned, but on the wrong side. In tow somewhere, like a toy dream, she has an American writer, Mr Gloster; and the story ends thus: 'But Mr Gloster's book came out. Oh yes. It wasn't about Japan or India or anything like that. It was about us.' Oh yes: one can imagine that book – smiling condescension for these loveable Londoners, the wit of H. G. Wells with the knowingness of Arnold Bennett, the essentially downward-looking humour of Giles's or Thelwell's cloth-cap-and-muffler brigade. Not so V. S. Pritchett. At times, it's true, I think he over-estimates his characters' fondness for punctuation; at times, his records seem too finely pared down and shaped. But even in his comic episodes one never thinks of his creations as 'funny little men': they stand as tall as people; they could knock you down. In their baffled, hurt dignity, they almost might: but English restraint prevails.

How is it done? Partly, I believe, by scaling the narrator into the dimensions of the story. In many of these stories, he too is a participant, bearing his share of any irony that happens to be around. He knows his fellow-characters as friends, not as characters. In the more crowded stories, this sometimes means that their individuality is less sharp for the reader than it clearly seems to the author: but the clues are usually there, and they're not cartoon noses or music-hall wigs. Humility is perhaps the key to this rightness of scale; and it seems to me to explain also the complexity of Pritchett's stories, the sense of never-being-certain, of anything-may-happen, that tempers his opposite attraction to the paradoxical and the neat. Writing of *Sons and Lovers* he said once:

> The very muddle of the narrative in this book with its puzzling time sequences, its sudden jumps backwards and forwards, gives us a sensation that is familiar and real; the sensation that life sprawls, spreads sideways, is made up of reminders and recapitulations, and sags loosely between one point of definition and the next.

Reminders and recapitulations occur in *When My Girl Comes Home*: twice, narrators in these stories confess to lapses of memory. This isn't just a corny trick to delay a piece of information: it's much more a device for getting the story-teller off his pedestal and re-introducing some healthy untidiness into the narrative. Nor is it just an isolated technical gesture, for it fits precisely into the sober, exact, but fully colloquial idiom that Pritchett has perfected. I say 'has perfected' because it's clear from some of the forceful but forced passages in, say, *Marching Spain,* and even from some of his literary criticism, that for Pritchett the temptation of neatness is matched by the temptation to put a hard gloss on English prose. It's almost as if he were a Dickens with a Flaubert on his back. Fortunately, Dickens triumphs; but this is a Dickens who has felt Flaubert's weight and curbed thereby the over-simplicity to which both were liable. The heroine of the title story in this collection is neither the Dickensian victim for whom her family waited, nor the Madame Bovary half-expected by the reader.

Pritchett has described the English imagination as 'hostile to intellectual formalizations and . . . lazy, sociable, sensual and heretical.' 'Even the English feeling for tradition,' he says, 'is a feeling for the history of its heresies.' Theological, moral, or merely social, heresies and eccentricities are a field he has made his own. It's a measure of his stature, therefore, that one doesn't think of him as a collector of comic characters, but as an artist celebrating life.

RICHARD MAYNE

Zeal for Walpole

Horace Walpole. By WILMARTH LEWIS. *Hart-Davis.* 63*s.*

It is unlikely that anyone, unless it were Horace himself, has ever known or cared more about Walpole than Mr Wilmarth Lewis. For 35 years he has assiduously collected letters to and from Walpole, books and manuscripts by him or from his library, and portraits, prints, drawings, furniture and other relics from Strawberry Hill. Spiritually, and to some extent physically, Strawberry Hill has been recreated at Farmington, Connecticut, where Mr Lewis's collection has become one of the wonders of the modern academic world. And there is yet another monument to his zeal: under Mr Lewis's direction a team of indefatigable scholars in the Yale University Library holds its own against the neighbouring Boswell Factory by steadily turning out the definitive edition of Walpole's colossal *Correspondence.*

A few years ago, in *Collector's Progress,* Mr Lewis described the origins and growth of his famous collection. The present book, originally read as the Mellon Lectures in Washington in 1960, is concerned with the other half of the story: the personality of the man who has exerted so potent a fascination over Mr Lewis for more than three decades. These lectures summarise the conclusions he has reached in the course of his long and unique acquaintance with Walpole and attempt an 'explanation of the contradictions and complexities of his character, behaviour, and achievement'. Since Walpole has managed to puzzle not only his contemporaries but most of his subsequent admirers, the prospect is intriguing. The rather overpowering sense of occasion about this book, indeed, is reinforced by its extremely handsome appearance and by the 70 portraits, drawings and facsimiles with which it is illustrated.

The reader who expects a uniquely incisive probing of Walpole's personality is, however, going to be disappointed. This is not entirely Mr Lewis's fault. At the best of times it would hardly be possible to explore so various and voluminous an author, and so complex a character, very thoroughly in 120 pages. But it seems that Mr Lewis could not even be sure at the outset that his Washington audience knew who Horace Walpole was, for he has to begin by distinguishing him from Sir Robert and Hugh. Accordingly these lectures form a concise, authoritative, readable, rather elementary and by no means startling, general introduction to the subject. Mr Lewis is earnest but not pedantic, disarmingly modest and pleasantly impressionistic.

But what about the promised explanation of the complications and contradictions of Walpole's personality? It turns out to consist of a gradual refusal to admit that they exist. In his first lecture Mr Lewis lightly but firmly sketches in the family background: the boy's resentment of his powerful, aloof father and the possessiveness of a mother consoling herself for Sir Robert's infidelities. From this situation, according to Mr Lewis, arise all Walpole's inner uncertainties. Thereafter, however, he never really gets down to business: what we are offered is a careful statement for the defence.

We receive ample evidence of Walpole's humility, contrition, charity, loyalty and capacity for affection. Perhaps, of course, it is still necessary to emphasise his undoubted qualities as some sort of corrective, but if the other half of the paradox is omitted, much of the fascination likewise disappears. Affectionate and benevolent Horace Walpole may often have been, but he was also emotionally crippled in some way that left him capable of coping with life only by means of an almost invariably ironic, frequently spiteful, protective detachment

It would be unfair to suggest that Mr Lewis takes no account of the darker aspects of Walpole's personality, but he is evasive about, and even a little pained by, speculations about his emotional life (or the absence of it). Caution over such matters as the obsession with incest in the tragedy *The Mysterious Mother* may well be sensible; but to go to the other extreme and recognise only the respectable, humane and civilised aspects of the man is not merely to misrepresent him but to make him much duller than he really is. 'I like and admire, but I could not love, nor trust him', wrote one perfectly detached contemporary.

One suspects all the time that Mr Lewis is holding something back. He gives a good account of Strawberry Hill and Walpole's antiquarian activities, but why was Horace so concerned to escape into the past ('into centuries, that cannot disappoint one')? Similarly Mr Lewis describes Walpole's curiously systematic methods as a correspondent without really telling us why it was so important for him to keep the present at bay, to impale it for posterity by means of the meticulous and malicious observation of his letters and *Memoirs*.

ROGER LONSDALE

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Some Write It Hot

A. ALVAREZ

Kenneth Tynan 'came floating down from Oxford', as he puts it, just before I swam up there. He had, already, I quote again, 'sailed broad-bottomed' across the Atlantic when I embarked on my short, unhappy voyage as drama critic for this magazine. And I had sunk noiselessly beneath the waves before he hove into sight again. So we are ships which have never passed on first nights. I can write fairly objectively of this selection from his work*, and I do so, let me say it straight away, with admiration and a certain compassion. For drama criticism is a grinding job and Tynan does it extraordinarily well – better, in fact, than any contemporary theatre man in this country. He knows the stage inside out, loves it with ardour even when – or particularly when – scourging it most; he is a clever writer and, within limits, he is serious.

The trouble is: those limits. They are partly inherent in the nature of the job, partly in the nature of modern drama. First, then, the job. In England at least, theatre criticism is almost exclusively journalism, most of it dashed down smoking within minutes of the curtain fall. And even if the critic is lucky enough to write for a weekly, he usually has only a couple of days in which to brood on the subject, and by then, as like as not, a couple more plays have intervened. His business, however, is not to brood, it is simply to evoke, as Tynan has it,

> exactly what it felt like to be in a certain playhouse on a certain distant night. . . . He will find readers if, and only if, he writes clearly and gaily and truly; if he regards himself as a specially treated mirror recording a unique and unrepeatable event.

Now Tynan is a very sensitive mirror indeed, but he reflects more than impressions of plays and actors; he shines also with the popular image of the stage itself. And unlike the cinema, the theatre is still a deeply middle-class fashionable occasion – no matter whether its excuse is Pinero or Brecht. At the moment, the fashion is left-wing and anti-establishment, but the same old social dance goes on: all that booking in advance and dressing-up, the warm light ales and demonstrative giggling in the intervals, the bad expensive restaurants after. You don't just drop in to the theatre; you are involved in a smoothly planned social expedition. Naturally, the glamour of the evening and of all those famous, gossip-column creatures up there in the spotlights rubs off on the critics. They, like their quarries, must be personalities; they too must provide the public with a performance on a performance. They must be 'brilliant', full of jokes and parodies and bitchiness, very much on the inside.

Of this cosmopolitan, green-room style, Tynan is a real master. His puns and jokes may be too many, but they are often genuinely funny ('the Coward-Gielgud axis . . . the *derrière-garde* of the profession'); he knows exactly how to recreate the swarming life of a production and has a wicked gift for catching a player where it hurts – Vivien Leigh as Cleopatra, for example:

> Taking a deep breath and resolutely focusing her periwinkle charm, she launches another of her careful readings; ably and passionlessly she picks her way among its great challenges, presenting a glibly mown lawn where her author had imagined a jungle. Her confidence, amazingly, never flags.

He has, too, that chameleon quality which is essential to good journalism: he catches uncannily well the tone and preoccupations of the societies he haunts. In England, at the moment, he is New Leftish, on the Continent rather more Marxist, in the States a' babbled occasionally of Zen Buddhism. And it is all sustained in the same elegant, aphoristic style.

On these terms Tynan is excellent, and this collection of ten years' articles is remarkably stimulating. But the terms themselves are constricting. Like some shining suit of armour, they make a fine show, a fine noise and a fine defence, but they are hard to move about in; for they are created, first and last, for destructive work. This would be all very well if Tynan had remained where he began, 'in love', as he says, 'with the theatre of fantasy and shock'; a theatre, that is, fit for heroes to strut in. But during the last decade he has grown up. The cult of heroes has given way to politics. This seems to have happened around 1956 when, under the double influence of Brecht and Suez, he underwent an almost Pauline conversion to Socialism. He emerged disenchanted with what in Russia they were calling 'the cult of personality', and convinced that the theatre could be a means of influencing people, of presenting ideas and life as we live it. All well and good. But there was a difficulty: though Tynan may have changed his beliefs, his style – the product of a long, hard, eminently successful apprenticeship – remained the same. He may have begun to think Socialist but he continued to write Tory.

This Toryism, of course, has nothing to do with what he says, it is simply a question of how he says it:

> The theatre of mindless farce and meaningless melodrama is unknown (in the USSR). One would like to see a Western theatre organized on Russian lines without Russian ideology; but without some ideology or other the theatres would never be built and the organization never imposed.
>
> I was revolving these things in my mind as my plane rose, bearing me away from the shashlik territory, across the *boeuf Stroganoff* belt into the Schnitzel country. I landed for a while at Prague – sour word, which rhymes with nothing . . .

I have left out no subtle linking passage. The shift from ideology to gastronomy is immediate, complete and, more important, quite in key with the tone of the piece as a whole. It is as though Tynan inhabited a world in which *haute cuisine* and politics were equal and interchangeable. I don't know how much this helps dignify his attitude to good living, but I know perfectly well what it does to his politics: it makes them appear superficial, slick, too easy by half. Obviously it is encouraging that the best of our drama critics supports most of the best causes. Equally obviously, Tynan can't be expected to write dully just because he has otherwise aligned himself with the New Left. Nor can he be expected, in a weekly column, to work out the complexities of his political position with much delicacy. But he might reasonably be expected to give an impression of knowing that the complexities exist.

He suggests in the Preface that his taste has developed over the decade. The process seems to be less a development than an abrupt switching of the points: a flick of the wrist and suddenly Tynan was steaming off in a new direction. And he dragged with him wagon on wagonload of new presuppositions: that Brecht was, without qualification, the greatest dramatist of the age, that Osborne and Delaney spoke definitively for all the young in England, that colonialism is automatically brutal, unilateral disarmament the only possible hope, and so on. All of them are serious, arguable causes. But Tynan seems to have received them ready-packed at the goods depot and never bothered to pry into the crates for himself.

Compare this with the kind of development which takes place in, say, Edmund Wilson's collection of reviews, *Classics and Commercials*, and the hollowness of theatrical procedure becomes clearer. Because he writes on books Wilson is not forced to be as relentlessly bright as Tynan. Yet he is bright enough. And under the glitter is a steady pressure of argument. Where Tynan merely records or asserts, Wilson works out his perceptions gradually, subtly and without any flagrant *parti pris*. Similarly, Wilson's massive easily-worn reading is the product of real intellectual curiosity, a framework in which his intelligence can operate at constant pressure; with Tynan, on the other hand, it might almost be possible to chart, article by article, the books he has dipped into that week; he seems a bit of an intellectual name-dropper.

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Yet the fact that he gives the impression of caring for anything outside the theatre, of having read anything but plays and actors' memoirs, of having any political position to defend, makes him a looming exception in the drama world. For the limitations of the art he serves are even more blinding than the style he is forced to employ. At one point, he remarks that 'no Englishman since the third decade of the seventeenth century has written an acknowledged dramatic masterpiece'; the English theatre, he continues, is in fact the creation of Irishmen. True enough; but I would put it more strongly: since the death of Ben Jonson the intellectuals and the theatre in this country have had no truck with each other. What Tynan calls 'the Irish conspiracy' has chiefly contributed great cleverness, flashing rhetoric and one cult of personality after another. But these are all qualities of the surface. Any centre of mature, developing intellectual life is lacking in the English theatre. This is not so on the Continent, where they still have an elaborate and responsible *dramaturgie* created by professionals unrepentantly devoted to the theory and development of the drama. So Europe breeds its Brechts and Stanislavskys, while Britain labours to produce – whom? The answer, I'm afraid, is Guthrie and Littlewood.

The blank fact is that the British intelligentsia – by which I mean not some fashionable in-group but a whole class of people who are involved in using ideas, the arts and sciences to make sense of their lives – go willingly and often to the cinema but hardly at all to the theatre. And they are stopped not just by the boring social ritual involved but by the deadening lack of urgency and pressure, by the sense that still, despite the Osborne-Wesker breakthrough, nothing really *matters* in contemporary British theatre. Issues may now be raised but their treatment remains fixed at superficial effects. As for thinking, our preconceptions can do that for us; and if the preconceptions are the right ones, the audience is expected to cheer uncritically. The spectacle of an artist moulding ideas and forms to fit precisely the shape of his original experience will be submerged – if it ever existed – in rhetoric and self-advertisement.

Granted the theatre is a highly specialised art, involving not one artist but several: author, director, actors, designer, lighting expert. Granted, too, that the work these men produce has its own specialised forms and rules and logic quite other than those of the rest of literature; Gordon Craig, who should have known, once announced to Tynan that 'literary men . . . are intruders, despoilers of the purity of theatre as a separate art'. But in England this specialisation, when it gets into print, seems to produce not its own discipline but a mystique. Even when a critic sets out with enormous talent and the most high-minded intentions he always seems to end up with the glamour of show biz.

This is a genuine pity, for the theatre has changed a good deal in the last decade and Tynan has been a powerful instrument in changing it. An appeal to the old drawing-room comedy, expense account ethos is no longer any guarantee of success; rather the reverse, as the long string of flops last year proved. It is now possible for serious themes to be aired in plays which take account of the tensions and discomfort of modern life. Indeed, kitchens and commitment have become almost as essential ingredients for success as french windows and frivolity used to be. But there is a stage beyond this: a theatre without the blaring machinery of the gutter press: a rigorous intellectual milieu more or less indifferent to the temptations of cheap fame.

If this could be achieved, as it sometimes is on the Continent, then writers like Osborne and Wesker might be able to be as intelligent and meticulous in their public pronouncements as they are when doing original work for the stage; the best young directors, like William Gaskill, David Thompson and John Dexter might be given the money and time to develop their own schools, styles and theories, without endless commercial chivvying; and critics like Tynan might be able to write at full stretch, using all the great professional knowledge they command, without feeling they must endlessly cajole their readers with wisecracks.

Meanwhile, like Auden's Prospero,

> I am very glad I shall never
> . . . have to go through that business again,
> The hours of fuss and fury, the conceit,
> the expense.

Religion and Sex

ROGER GELLERT

It seemed an excellent idea, on paper, to make a double bill of Bernard Shaw's two religious charades, *The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet* (1909) and *Androcles and the Lion* (1913). Shaw once suggested as much to Hesketh Pearson, who eventually passed the tip on to Bernard Miles, and here it is now at the Mermaid. But the result is not very satisfactory, after all, for it only underlines how passionless and avuncular was Shaw's concern with religion. He found it touching, slightly absurd, occasionally noble, rich in paradox and quaint hypocrisies; but it neither moved nor angered him deeply.

The horse-thief Blanco Posnet, like his would-be lynchers, finds himself as incapable of pure badness as of pure goodness; the Christians in *Androcles* are a mixed lot, like any other revolutionary movement. These are not striking conclusions, and nor are the sentiments that accompany them. When the Roman Captain asks Lavinia what she is dying for, 'I don't know,' she replies. 'If it were for anything small enough to know, it would be too small to die for.' On most other subjects, Shaw would have been the first to deride such a sentimental evasion; but, for religion, a touching paradox will do. It might, indeed, get by with a child-audience (*Androcles* was partly aimed as a counterblast to *Peter Pan*), as might the blush-making baby-talk with the Lion ('Did um get an awful thorn into ums tootsums wootsums?'), though both elements clearly unsettled such experienced adults as Ronald Fraser (Blanco Posnet), Jill Bennett (Lavinia) and Davy Kaye (Androcles), who proved disappointingly tentative. More style and assurance was shown by Alan MacNaughtan (Elder Daniels), Edward de Souza (Roman Captain), and by Ronald Fraser's blathering Caesar.

Subsidies often spell ruin – or at least stodginess. But not, it seems, the grant from the Gulbenkian Foundation which has enabled the Cambridge Arts Theatre Trust and the English Stage Company to join hands in presenting new plays to the provinces. The first of these, *The Knack* by Ann Jellicoe, opened this week at Cambridge and proved a spritely, unacademic, uncommitted affair, being devoted almost exclusively to the difficulty, for young people, of getting enough

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sex – which remains, of course, to unilateral and multilateral alike, one of life's major trials. Like Miss Jellicoe's earlier piece, *The Sport of My Mad Mother*, this new one is colloquial but non-realistic (depending largely on improvisation, which a talented and likeable young cast are not quite up to) and concerns the attempts of three young bachelors to mislead a naive girl (Rita Tushingham of the *Taste of Honey* film) on her way to the YWCA. The householder Colin (Ronald Falk) is innocent, gangling and hopelessly frustrated; Tolen (David Sumner) is a black-leathered, cowboy-booted Lothario who lectures him on seduction with the patient expertise of a youth club leader expounding the rules of snooker; and Tom (Terry Palmer) is happy enough sloshing murals round his bare room.

Miss Jellicoe, brilliant on young men, has slight regard for her own sex, and the play is never quite as funny after the girl's arrival as before; the patterns of behaviour become too repetitive, the improvised action-passages too long and too undisciplined, the chatter lacks orchestration, and a shrieking infantilism finally sets in as the virgin protests a rape. But the cast is enormously engaging, particularly Messrs Sumner and Palmer, and the game of musical bedsteads bounces along gaily, punctuated by sudden flashes of illumination. 'An anemone with a crew cut', muses Mr Palmer, 'would starve to death.'

A triple bill from the Dublin Festival has turned up at the Comedy Theatre, spearheaded by Harold Pinter's *A Night Out*, a riveting anecdote about a mum's boy goaded to wildness; but London has heard this play on BBC Third and viewed it (superbly acted by Tom Bell, Margery Withers and the Pinters) on ITV, so why on earth should we pay to see what is, with all respect, a very poor repertory rendering of it? It does prove robust enough for some of the quality to survive; but its frailer companions, a surrealist skit on Mrs Dale by James Saunders and a study in symbolic guilt-transference by David Campton, are sunk practically without trace.

A fairly recent comedy, *The Winner*, from the pen of American veteran Elmer Rice, had its English premiere at the Pembroke, Croydon, last week. Eva, a country girl in New York, has an elderly sugar-daddy collapse and die on her blameless bed, leaving her his heiress. More concerned to clear her good name than to grab the money, she successfully defeats the nasty litigating widow, but finds victory hollow, and is recalled to her better self by the lawyer who had tormented her in the court case. An improbable piece choked with coincidence and dubious morality, the play has nearly enough good-humour to stay the course. Eva is engagingly played by a striking and forthright brunette called Pauline Yates, with a passable American accent, which is more than can be said for most of the others. Emrys Jones, in the tiresomely facetious role of her reluctant accuser, gives an oddly blurred and fumbling display of Shaftesbury Avenue camp, with scattered moments of charm.

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Back to Lemprière

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

Michael Ayrton (Matthiesen). I've always found it difficult to get on terms with Ayrton's earlier work, which seemed laden with a crippling self-consciousness. This show is different. It shows Ayrton's skill and intelligence at full stretch – but nearly everything in it is splendidly spontaneous. The paintings, drawings and sculptures in the show are linked by one of those mythological programmes which are again becoming popular – this time it's the myth of Daedalus and Icarus. In his introduction to the catalogue Ayrton says, 'Photographs of potential astronauts undergoing tests simulating high velocities have been, for me, one point of departure.' This sounds, in theory, like a good idea, but the photographic images are a bit uneasy translated into paint. The triumphs of the show are the romantic yet sophisticated landscapes of Crete and the Cyclades. Their aestheticism may be a bit precious for some tastes, but for me they are among the most appealing pictures recently painted by an English artist.

Larry Bigelow (Waddington). These large watercolours, which owe a lot to Sung painting, to late Turner and perhaps to Whistler, seem a little bodiless compared with Ayrton. Bigelow's manual dexterity is stupendous and his taste above reproach, but some element of energy seems to be missing. Recent Developments in Painting IV (Tooth). A good miscellany selected with a commendable eye for the up-and-coming. The most interesting of the new or newish painters included in it is, happily, an Englishman, Derek Hirst.

Wolmark (Ben Uri). Wolmark's work is not only very uneven, but it's of a kind which we now find it peculiarly difficult to judge fairly. It lies at just the wrong distance in time. Wolmark was an off-shoot of Post-Impressionism, and he shows Post-Impressionist techniques in the process of becoming academic. His best work – small, unpretentious landscapes and still-lives – is somehow a bit reminiscent of Ginner and Gore. But I wonder if some of the painters at Tooth's will seem as flavourless 40 years hence? Vanessa Bell (Adams). As this retrospective shows, Vanessa Bell's talent has worn better than Wolmark's. She chose her models very intelligently: her earliest pictures show a resemblance to William Nicholson, her later ones have debts to the Cubists and Derain. What she lacked was a strongly defined artistic personality. Only rarely did she achieve the intensity of the late self-portrait shown here.

Patrick Hayman (Portal). Small in format and deceptively unambitious in style, Patrick Hayman's pictures repay a second look. His speciality is a gentle humour. He treats serious historical subjects, like *Nelson* and the *Revolt at Cronstadt*, with a wit which is firm but not jeering. Interestingly enough, he seems to owe something to the American watercolourist John Marin. Osbert Lancaster (Jeffress). In this show Lancaster takes a glance at the Levant, in a mood perhaps rather gentler than usual. He is an artist who rouses curiously strong reactions: one likes or loathes him. As a confirmed Lancaster addict, I enjoyed these – though I think he sometimes spoils a nice architectural drawing by too much anxiety to pull off a cartoon-style joke among the figures. One or two of the very best drawings come close to Edward Lear's topographical work. Coincidence or not? George Fullard (Gallery One). Fullard's bronze sculptures are an odd combination of spontaneous, almost tachist methods of work and a strong natural bias towards expressionist figuration. The result is interesting but restless – he seems to be groping towards a personal style which is not as yet fully formed. The sculpture made of '*trouvé*' pieces of wood I found rather trivial. Paolo Farkas (McRoberts & Tunnard). In many ways the complete opposite of Fullard. Farkas's sculpture is elegant, refined, and curiously lacking in tension or movement. Complex golden forms, which seem to be derived from the shapes of coral, are mounted on rich hardwood panels. They have great sensuous appeal and are good decoration. But it's hard to see what led to their making, beyond the desire to display an undeniable virtuosity.

Stones

JOHN COLEMAN

On the risky assumption that there are sermons in stones, let us take a look at the week's new films. *The Young Doctors* (Leicester Square) brings Ben Gazzara's moist-eyed intensity wastefully and inscrutably to bear upon the muddle of Fredric March's pathology lab in Three Counties Hospital. While the new boy and the old bear scrap ('They pushed you down my gullet and I'm choking on you, boy'), things fall apart around them. Gazzara's swiftly acquired nurse-friend (lusciously played by Ina Balin) has an enigmatic growth on her knee and March's slackness results in a delayed operation to save a baby's life. In the end, the nurse's leg goes, off-camera, Gazzara emotes, the baby lives and old Dr Pearson/March makes a quiet exit into the wintry night. This pig of a film, with grateful acknowledgments to no less than four New York hospitals, is meant to be a serious effort at something: when they say the kid's got erythroblastosis, they *mean* erythroblastosis; and that huge wet walnut in

Dr Pearson's hands is not just for kicks – that's a brain, man, and he's telling the new nurses to reverence it. Well he might. The dialogue is consistently terrible ('You're suffering more than she is right now – that's why I love you, Joe, that's why we all do') and the operating-room sequence mangles its worked-for integrity by the usual angled and Martian shots of masked, sweating faces: horror-film stuff. Harsh, edgy black-and-white photography, some honest-looking interiors, and a good performance from March can do nothing against the onrush of clichés. Is there no decent plateau between this and the gothic laughter of *Doctor in the House*?

On Friday at Eleven (Plaza) assembles an international cast – Rod Steiger, Jean Servais, Ian Bannen and that chilly blond Peter van Eyck – to populate a dubbed exercise on what is all too rapidly becoming a frayed theme: the execution and failure of a big robbery. The setting is Marseilles and the prey a stoutly armoured US truck containing a million dollars. Some of the location work – a caravan trailer camp, a boulder-strewn plain – is as visually arresting as Hitchcock, but the story has foundered long before. Of the five robbers, only Servais is given any background; the others come from nowhere, move – stoically unmotivated – from the poker game to holding up a nightclub to the nightmare miscarryings of the *coup*: their sudden angers and tears seem painted on. The good shock of the last seconds is lost; only dolls fall from the cliff. Alvin Rakoff directs.

Nikki, Wild Dog of the North (Studio One) is the annual animal Disney, based this time on the Canadian Northwest in 1899. Nikki, one-eighth wolf, befriends Neewa, a bereft bear cub, and they have the obligatory comical adventures until hibernation separates them. A brutal trapper snares Nikki ('Here he would learn for the first time that all men are not alike', intones the commentary) and trains him for the fighting pits back at camp and a snarling denouement with comeuppances all round. Some lovely shots of fauna, including a swarm of bees like golden electrons, can't compensate for the invitation to laugh at the droll little muskrats squeaking their death-fears or the growing discomfort as animal behaviour in these Disneylogues is constantly cut and groomed into mendaciously human patterns.

The Fifth London Film Festival (17-31 October) opens next Monday at the NFT with a showing of Jacques Demy's much-praised first feature *Lola*. I hope to be reporting on some of the contents of this bursting fortnight in succeeding pieces.

Just a Night Out

GEORGE MELLY

Those readers who have never visited a London night club can have no conception of the tedium and expense which, until now, were the cost of sitting in front of a plate of shrivelled sandwiches and drinking new wine at Chateau prices in the dark. It is something, therefore, that at long last in the West End of our Capital it has become possible to eat fairly decently and drink a bottle of Beaujolais until quite late for about 30 shillings a head.

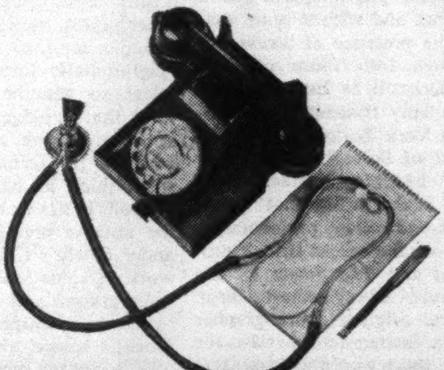
It is also a relief to be able to watch a cabaret which is never boring and sometimes very funny.

It is also something to drink this wine and watch this cabaret in a place which has discarded crimson silk walls and foul little table lamps, but has resisted the temptation to be either twee or *chic*.

Therefore, all in all, two cheers for The Establishment, the new Soho *boîte*.

I feel obliged to hold back the last cheer. The organisers told us that this was to be the New Jerusalem of British satire for which Ken the Baptist has been crying in the wilderness. Well it isn't. It is for the most part both amiable and witty, but nobody is going to go out into Greek Street feeling more revolutionary than when they went in, and nobody is going to stand up and shout 'shame'. A concrete example of what is wrong: as it happens, nothing to do with the actual entertainment, but it does show what I mean. On one of the walls of the club is projected the slide of a line of policemen holding back a crowd of women. Ah, I thought when I saw this, surely at some time this image will be replaced by another showing a policeman kicking someone on the ground. Well it's not. (Admittedly the night I was there the Duchess of Argyll was driven into the street by the candour of Mr Peter Cook. That *was* something.)

One of the blocks, as Mr Miller himself pointed out, is the make-up of the audience. There they sit, nice clean ladies and gentlemen of impeccable liberal principles and good SW addresses, waiting to be amused. They are quite, quite sure of themselves and some of them might even vote labour in the next election now that Mr Gaitskell is back in control. It would be very hard to shock them short of crucifying the Queen on stage, and even then they'd probably find it just 'rather undergraduate'. Why are the audience like that, and where are the students and young people whose enthusiasm and conviction might help The Establishment to catch fire?



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Well, the point is that although, for a nightclub, 30 shillings is 'absurdly cheap', it's too much for a student. Probably this is inevitable, but it's sad even so.

Then there is that disease which has afflicted so many British satirists in the past. They will chose such soppy targets. Mr Macmillan, for instance, appears over and over again, but the point about Mac is that he is not in the proper sense a monster. He is just, to quote Jimmy Porter, 'an old shrub left over from the Edwardian wilderness'. For satire to wound, the victim should be vile and in bad faith, not simply dangerously gaga. The cabaret of The Establishment tends to forget this.

There is one exception. One of the artists comes on and says that he is René McColl; hacking and retching over a cigarette, he reads out McColl's actual article on the Trafalgar Square sit-down from the *Daily Express.* This is perhaps the simplest idea in the whole show, and yet the most splendidly offensive. One hates *and* laughs at him. Indeed, considering the lesson to be learnt here, I'd imagine that a more improvised approach altogether would pay off. If the cast met every day over the newspapers and worked out a series of sketches based on their spontaneous impressions, the ragged results might prove to be rather more alive.

And I suggest that if The Establishment is to be more than simply a pleasant place to spend an evening it should take a good long swig from a bottle marked 'dada', it should remember that 'bad taste' is a better weapon than ingenious whimsy, it should read Peter Simple and then reverse his ethic, and above all it should decide what it believes in, because without convictions it can never grow teeth and claws.

RICHARD PANKHURST

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Song and Dance

DAVID DREW

There is a right and wrong place for every good cause, and the best of causes can die from over-exposure. The Sante Fé Opera Company is no doubt greatly appreciated in its native New Mexico, where it stages a two-month season each summer in an open-air theatre. But at this year's Berlin Festival it looked a sorry cactus; and whoever allowed the Company to impale an international audience on the soft spikes of Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe* deserves to be made to listen to that work for the rest of his life. Many years ago Roy Harris remarked that folk song was in danger of becoming another province of American big business. Sure enough, *Baby Doe* is machine-made, clearly marked 'Fresh from Mother Brown's Colorado Home Bakery' and guaranteed untouched by human hand.

The interest of the Santa Fé Company's appearance in Berlin lay in their Stravinsky programme: *Oedipus Rex* conducted by Robert Craft, and *Persephone* by the composer himself. It is amazing that we have had to wait for so long for these two works to be united on the stage. They are born companions, and should be inseparable. So the programme looked very promising, on paper; but that perhaps was where it should have stayed. With the forces available to him (including a down-at-heel upright orchestral piano that can't have been tuned since the last Berlin production of *Wozzeck*) Mr Craft could do little more with *Oedipus* than keep the tempi under control. By the time Persephone was due to begin her noble pilgrimage, a grand piano had been found, and with it some welcome confidence. The presence of Stravinsky goaded the orchestra into more effective action, and Lorin Driscoll as Eumolpe provided the evening's only thoroughly accomplished singing. Yet Vera Zorina, who spoke and mimed the part of Persephone with her usual intelligence, had to contend with groupings, settings and lighting that would have shamed a week-end college performance. As we have seen from the recent British productions of *Renard* and *The Seven Deadly Sins*, the choral ballet is a very arduous form. Had Kurt Jooss, the original choreographer of *Persephone*, been invited to supervise the Berlin performance, there would at least have been an assurance that the task would not be taken lightly.

It is good news that the BBC will present Miss Zorina and Mr Driscoll in a concert performance of *Persephone*, again conducted by the composer, on 29 October. Nonetheless, we should not forget (as we have long been allowed to) that *Persephone* belongs to the stage. There are many events in the score – for instance, the oboe march in Part 2, or the sudden change of mood and harmonic climate mid-way through Part 3 – that cry out for their visual complement. Moreover, the much questioned relationship of spoken voice and orchestral accompaniment is acoustically far less questionable in the theatre. (The placing of the speaker at concert performances should take account of that.) *Persephone*, which piercingly rebukes our age's loss of harmonic innocence, is still the least appreciated of Stravinsky's major works; and even a production as rudimentary as the one seen in Berlin revealed new things to those of us who hitherto knew the work only from the score and from concert performances.

On the second night of its existence, the new Deutsche Oper did its duty by contemporary opera as proudly as the work in question, Giselher Klebe's *Alkmene*, allowed. The effective geometry of Wilhelm Reinking's sets and the very fine singing of Evelyn Lear in the title role and Thomas Stewart as Jupiter gave the evening a certain lustre that was notably lacking from Klebe's score. One can understand why it was felt necessary to commission a Berlin composer, but the magnitude of the 'occasion' put an unfair weight on Klebe's modest, sincere talent.

The composer himself was at fault for choosing Kleist's subtle and fast-moving comedy, *Amphitryon*, which is far beyond the range of his workaday 12-note style. The music would have been neither more nor less effective if it had been associated with a quite different dramatic treatment of the same subject, such as Georg Kaiser's *Zweimal Amphitryon*. Klebe's comedy scenes have the verve and rhythm of a three-legged race, and for the rest there is very little variation of tempo or musical character. Singable lines, sensible orchestration, and a certain integrity do not make this opera any the less a fine play with superfluous music. The fact remains that Hans-Werner Henze is still Germany's only young opera composer of international standing, even though Klebe's music has technical virtues that Henze's all too often lacks.

The outstanding feature of a Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra concert conducted very capably by Werner Egk was the first performance of Aribert Reimann's Suite *Ein Totentanz*, for baritone and chamber orchestra. It was sung with perfect wit and sensitivity by Fischer-Dieskau. Reimann is still in his mid-twenties, and the Suite is hardly the work of a fully developed creative personality. But the gracefulness, the feeling for character and the melodic tension which inform these eight epigrammatic forms is so striking, and the talent so genuine on every compositional level, that to judge by this one work Reimann is as promising as any composer to have emerged in Germany since the war. It is a small thing he has done, but real and rare.

From Berlin to our own Leeds Festival, and the notable premiere last Monday of Alexander Goehr's Cantata, *Sutter's Gold*. It is a work of some scale, despite the fact that the large gesture and the long breath are foreign to Goehr's temperament. The *movement* of Goehr's music, rhythmically and harmonically, is always most idiosyncratic, and not to be grasped at a single hearing. This is as true of the *Suite* which was performed at Aldeburgh last summer (and which superior persons have deigned to call 'easy') as it is of *Sutter's Gold*, about which I hope no one will be so foolish.

The *Suite* was written after the Cantata and is, I think, the decisive work for Goehr: the Cantata, on the other hand, is a decisive work for our so-called English choral tradition. What would be child's play for Cologne proves to be the devil's own game for the Leeds Festival Chorus, despite the remarkable and inventive care with which Goehr leads and supports the choral entries. Until we can have a performance in which the notes are sure and the rhythms alive (not just counted), we cannot claim to know *Sutter's Gold*. Nevertheless, the Festival is to be congratulated on a brave undertaking. Few in the audience can have left the hall untouched. The score contains much that is immediately accessible: for instance the opening and closing pages, or the instrumental dialogue in the third number, which so oddly and yet in a way appropriately reminds one of Berlioz's *Scène aux champs*.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,651 Set by Swordfish

A rumour reaches Westminster that in Omboke – British territory in Africa which has not sought independence – tiny effigies of Mr Macmillan are being worshipped by tribesmen. A public relations firm is suspected of distributing these. Competitors are asked to write a Parliamentary question on the subject by Mr Emrys Hughes, Mrs Barbara Castle, Mr Michael Foot or Lord Lambton, with a reply by the Prime Minister himself. Limit 150 words. Entries by 24 October.

Result of No. 1,648 Set by A. M. Robertson

Admission to a medieval guild involved a strict oath. Frame an oath of initiation, specifying three 'do's' and three 'don'ts', for one of the following: a professional footballer, a stockbroker, a garage hand, a schoolmaster, a journalist.

Report

Lazy, greedy, sly, vicious, fatuously emotional – thus the character of the footballer, for ever, in J. A. Lindon's words, 'writhing unhurt in the penalty area.' Competitors were terribly annoyed – as journalists periodically are – by the footballer's habit of ruffling his mate's hair and proffering, under stress, the odd frank kiss.

All in all a great deal of bile was spilt and there was a dearth of really subtle digs. Only in the case of the teachers was there more sorrow than anger. Some of these oaths were positively plaintive. A guinea each to the entries printed.

JOURNALIST

(The Journalist enters and prostrates himself. Solemn music.)

I swear by The Freedom of The Press duly to subordinate my principles, moral and political, to those of the newspaper at any given time.

(The Editor turns, and makes the sign of the times over the sub-editor.)

(*Kneeling*) That for adjectives I shall use nouns.

(*Standing*) To promote Good Style in general, and in particular always to invert the word order in my sentences.

Never to tire of using monosyllables, however cryptic.

Never to mention a man's Christian and surname without inserting his age, height, occupation and income bracket in parenthesis between them.

(He kneels again, to take the solemn pledge of Judicious Appraisal.)

Never to begin the last paragraph of any leading article without using the words: 'One thing is certain . . .'

(He rises, and is presented with his Press Card.)

MILES BURROWS

GARAGE HAND

This day, about to become a Member of the
Antient Order of Wagon Mechanicks and
Garage Autolycans, I do solemnly swear,
I will never lift a bonnet without
discovering a fault needing repair.
I will never let my countenance lose the
expression of expectancy of largesse.
I will never be present at times of
extreme urgency.
I will always wipe windscreens with an
oily rag.
I will always be short of change.
I will always bang smartly on the roofs of
small cars to signify my presence.
So help me Vulcan.

L. G. UDALL

STOCKBROKER

I swear by the great God Mammon, master of all human relationships:

Never to reveal the secrets of the Committee of 1400;

Always to maintain perpetual hostility to *Dalton's*;

Never to deal with any bucket shop, but die first;

Always to keep widows and orphans out of 3½ per cent War Loan;

Never to carry an unrolled umbrella;

Always to vote Conservative.

PORCUPINE

FOOTBALLER

I VOW that I shall EVER, whether brought down by fair means or foul, appeal by word, look and gesture to the heavens, the crowd and the referee; that I shall EVER seek an opportunity to quarrel with my management; and that I shall EVER attempt to enhance the prestige of British Soccer by playing, if possible, for a foreign club.

I VOW that I shall NEVER omit to clean my teeth before a game, lest my breath prove offensive to my fellow-players, when they rush up to kiss me after I have scored a goal; that I shall NEVER intentionally maim an opposing player, with whom I may eventually, by reason of transfer, have to collaborate; and that I shall NEVER miss the chance of giving interviews to the press, in which I suggest that I combine an extreme talent for publicity with extreme personal unattractiveness.

MARTIN FAGG

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

The biologists of the world are arousing themselves. Some are planning an international blitz on certain aspects of their studies comparable with the earth scientists' International Geophysical Year. Others, at the recent 'Pugwash' meeting held in the United States, have called for international networks of agricultural research stations and marine biological laboratories, and the creation of a world centre for medical research. And yet others, returning from a pan-African conservation conference in Arusha, Tanganyika, have launched in London a world wild-life appeal, to save the last of the game from extinction.

It was an Italian geneticist, Professor G. Montalenti of Rome, who began two years ago the present efforts for an International Biological Programme, resembling the IGY. Generally speaking, biology is best done by small groups or individuals working more or less on their own; but in his own subject of genetics of human populations, there were, it seemed to Montalenti, a number of problems which would yield to a concerted world-wide effort – in particular those which have to do with the effects of the environment on human genetic make-up and on the numbers of the human population. He suspected that his fellow biologists might have other topics suitable for an international programme and so it has turned out. Such schemes now under discussion include a world-inquiry into natural biological communities menaced by human transformation or destruction; general studies on the planet's natural rates of

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production of living things (and hence of human food) to see how they can be increased; and pooling of information on the genetics and biology of crop plants.

The General Assembly of the International Council of Scientific Unions, meeting in London a fortnight ago, gave Montalenti and his colleagues a green light for further work on planning a three-year programme. There will be no sputnik (as there was four years ago last week, during the IGY) to publicise the work of the International Biological Programme; although who dare say there could not be a further IBP many years hence involving a biological exploration of Mars? These international programmes have a record of repeatability – the IGY was a successor to the International Polar Years and has itself given rise to the forthcoming International Year of the Quiet Sun.

The scheme for agricultural, marine and medical laboratories co-ordinated on a permanent international base was one of a variety of proposals emerging from this summer's Pugwash meeting of top scientists from East and West. The meeting also echoed the point in the IBP discussions about the threat of extinction of species of plants and animals by human mismanagement; and it was with this aspect of the world's biological problems that Sir Julian Huxley, Professor J. G. Baer and Peter Scott were especially concerned when they recently launched the World Wild-life Fund.

The conference in Arusha had shown more clearly than ever before how important is the proper management of land in its wild state and with its natural populations, not just for sentimental reasons, but because on poor soils nature knows best how to get the most out of the land. Indeed it is perhaps a pity that in its appeal brochure the World Wild-life Fund does not make this argument at all forcibly. But then perhaps people are made more charitable by appeals for money to save the zebra because it looks attractive than by the statement that the zebra means potential protein for Africans.

Anyway, food is not everything, and the record of the wanton or careless killing of wild life is in itself a disgusting one: killing for ivory, killing by chemical pollution, killing for the sake of killing. During the last 100 years, over 100 species of birds and mammals have become extinct, and there are plenty more on the danger list today. What the World Wild-life Fund wants to do is to raise half a million pounds a year to mount rescue operations for threatened wild life, to help finance long-term conservation measures and to support conservation and ecological science through existing organisations.

That the *Daily Mirror* should have run a 'Shock Issue' on wild life is a sign that the conservationists are getting their message through to many whose usual attitude to wild animals has been indifference, tinged with sentimental thoughts inspired by Noah's Ark in the nursery and irrational fears encouraged by Hollywood and the circus lion-tamers. Now it is up to the conservationists to come out of their 'last ditches' and co-operate with governments in positive applications of ecological knowledge.

City Lights

TAURUS

Bank rate, which strides violently up, traditionally comes down in playful Grandmother's footsteps snatched when nobody is looking. The playfulness has usually been elephantine, the surprise achieved only by waiting until some weeks after anticipation has collapsed into boredom. This time, however, Bank rate was cut before the cerebellum of the City had accustomed itself to the possibility. Its cerebrum, it is true, had been working it over for ten weeks, ever since the rate was raised to seven per cent. The gold figures for August and September, for all their camouflage, could not conceal the fact that a good deal of foreign short-term money had begun to creep back into London. Since burnt fingers fear hot money, and since our own predicament forces us to be solicitous for the dollar, there was a strong case for beginning to bring down short-term interest rates to an internationally normal level as soon as possible.

The surprising thing is that Grandma, despite her natural tendency to fuss over matters which are none of her concern, should have been willing to acknowledge the force of this case at a time when the government and the unions are scowling at one another and waiting for signs of weakness. Is the cut a sign of government weakness? Apparently not. Bank rate was cut last week, rather than in a few weeks' time, partly because the annual Bankers Dinner at the Mansion House gave Selwyn an opportunity for explaining that he was still as serious about things as he had been in July. The new Governor, too, in his first public speech, rubbed in hard the fact that the present crisis (as opposed to the Thorneycroft crisis of 1957) is due to something worse than little gnomes in Zurich. But he also made it clear that he agreed to the seven per cent Bank rate in July only because private speculators against sterling were then so excited and the European bankers (who examined Selwyn's package in advance even more suspiciously than Mr Jacobsson) so demanding. *'I would not be true to my own convictions'*, he added, *'if I did not state that it is my firm belief that constant recourse to disproportionate use of monetary measures is no substitute for a consistent and appropriate national economic policy'*.

Grandma, to be fair to her, has been grumbling about the Tory policy of budget deficits and high interest rates for some time past; but the advent of a new Governor gives the grumbles more force, and the early cut in Bank rate suggests that he may not stop at grumbling. His suggestions, in the same first speech, that interest rates are too high, that the size of government expenditure abroad is better suited to an imperial past than to a seedy present, and that an excessive reverence for the past is one of the main economic handicaps of the British way of life, were well calculated to attract attention.

Selwyn's own Mansion House speech got better treatment than it deserved. The journalists had taken a look at the balance of foreign payments and thought a little about the likely first consequences of joining the Common Market; relaxation seemed impossible in the immediate future, and Selwyn's reference to the apparent success of his call for credit restriction and dividend restraint seemed as mistaken as it was dishonest; the squeeze, they proclaimed, would go on. The Stock Exchange, after rising sharply for a moment (largely because of a hasty covering by surprised Bears) was persuaded that the outlook is as dreary as before. But wages? It was unfortunate, from the government's point of view, that the cut in Bank rate should have been so promptly followed by the Ford Settlement and by Mr Hare's agreement to three wages council awards – including an award to road-haulage workers, over which Mr Cousins might have argued effectively – on the grounds that they had been arranged before the pay pause was officially inaugurated. The pressure seems to be easing, and may continue to seem to ease if the trade figures continue to improve. It remains to be seen whether Selwyn can convince the nation (and that includes the Prime Minister) that there is a dramatic long-term problem to be solved.

* * *

His ideas about planning are already running into trouble. The trade unions were always suspicious – partly because they assumed that planning was meaningless without controls, mainly because they feared that Tory planning was only a euphemism for smaller wage increases. The big firms and the Federation of British Industries (which is busy at present warring with the other organisations representative of British commerce and industry) were in favour of government planning only because it seemed to offer them relief from the sudden changes in economic policy which made their own long-term plans unworkable. Mr Lloyd himself seems to be hankering for a Council whose short-haired technocrats will produce informed forecasts which, with their implications for policy, union and employers' representatives will be equally ready to accept. The idea is nice enough, but it may yet founder on the vagueness of its own good intentions. The FBI were to have seen Selwyn and made things clearer this week, but he then unhappily caught the 'flu.

Possible chief technocrats (and there are very few possibilities) are being mentioned; possible staff – practical economists, whatever that may mean, on secondment – are being approached; but the whole project is now getting heavy with ambiguity and misunderstanding, to the point where somebody with imagination is needed to get it off the ground. And Selwyn, for all his virtues, is not imaginative.

Company News

The *LCC*, when it comes to market, is in turn a grand flop or a great success: its latest issue, a refunding issue of £10m, offers a 6½ per cent coupon (the highest in the list) at a price of 96½ and will almost certainly command a premium.

Steel shares have fallen back on the news that *United Steel*, the giant of the industry, is to postpone some of its expansion plans.

Jaguar, already interested in commercial vehicles through Daimler, is taking over the bankrupt *Guy Motors*.

International and British Paints have failed to agree on merger terms.

Ranks are at last bidding, on what seem to be ungenerous terms, for *Gaumont-British*.

Mr Wohl, whose State House is just opposite the NEW STATESMAN and remained empty for over a year before the Ministry of Works moved in, is making public his *United Real Property Trust*.

The tea share market is getting excited about a few Indian bids for tea estates and the possibility that tea may soon go the way that rubber went: mergers seem likely.

The Chess Board

No. 622. Victory At Last

For the first time since 1948 we've beaten the Dutch. In 1958, leading 6½:3½ after the first round our men seemed near triumph, but the valiant Dutch team scored 7 in the 2nd round. This time, with 7 wins and 4 draws to begin with – the extra board provided by our Elaine Pritchard scoring a useful 1½ against the Dutch lady champion Fanny Heemskerk – we were safe enough even though, with two wins each and 7 draws, the Dutch fought back on the second day; and it is only fair to add that while our team was about the best we could muster our opponents had to make do without their two grandmasters and at least three of their other top-players. A welcome chance for their youngsters, such as Langeweg to come to the fore; he had reached positional advantage against Alexander, then spoiled it by a needless sacrifice and gave our man the chance of hitting back. /1r2ktbk1/1pKtbq1rp/pB1p2p1/P2Pp3/4Pp2/2R2P2/1P2BQPP/2R4K/.

1) Kta6:?,ba:; 2) Ba6:,g5!; 3) Bc8,g4; 4) Qe2,Ktf6; 5) Bg1,Rc8:; 6) Rc8:,Kth5; 7) Bb6,Qh4; 8) Kg1,Ktg3; 9) hg:,fg:; 10) R8c3,Rf7; 11) a6?(b3!),Qh2†; 12) Kf1,Qh1†; 13) Bg1,gf:; 14) Rf3:,Rf3; and the young Dutchman resigned in view of the impending B-check.

Our own 21-year-old Hollis, Black against the Dutch veteran Orbaan, got a winning 'bind' right out of the opening.

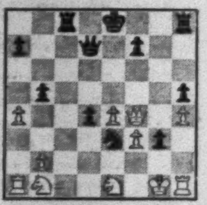
1) e4,c5; 2) Ktc3,Ktc6; 3) g3,g6; 4) Bg2,Bg7; 5) d3,Ktf6; 6) Be3,d6; 7) Qc1?,Ktd4; 8) Ktce2,Ktg4; 9) Bd2,Qb6; 10) c3,Kte5!; 11) Ktf4,Kte6!; 12) Bf1 [a loathsome necessity] Ktf4:; 13) Bf4:, O-O; 14) Be2,f5; 15) Be3,fe:; 16) de:,Bg4; 17) Qc2,Be2:; 18) Kte2:,Qb2:!; and Black soon won.

After a good many complications one of our own 'veterans', Milner-Barry, Black against de Rooi, reached this position. /5rk1/p5p1/1p1R3p/3P4/2kt2p2/5P2/PP5P/2K1kt3/. The sequel was quite entertaining.

1) Rd7,Rc8; 2) Kd1,Ktb2:†; 3) Ke2,Re8†; 4) Kf1,Ktc4; 5) Ktg2,g5; 6) Rb7:,Rd8; 7) Ra7:,Rd5:; 8) b4,Rd3; 9) hg:,hg:; 10) Ke2,Rd2†; 11) Kf1,g4; 12) Ktf4:,gf3:; 13) Kth3,Kte3†; 14) Kg1,Rg2†; 15) Kh1,Ktf5; and after a few 'spite-checks' White resigned.

It has come to be traditional by now for the Anglo-Dutch match to be played on the hospitable premises of the Dowty works near Cheltenham, and the organisation functioned as well as ever.

A: C. Kottnauer 1961



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position Kottnauer showed me. Playing Black he could afford to ignore the threat of Qe5† and to force the win rather neatly. For 6 & 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins, both quite ingenious endgame studies and kindly donated to us by the top board player of the visiting team. Usual prizes. Entries by 23 October.

B: N. Cortlever 1936: /5b2/2K1k1p1/3Kt1pPp/5P1P/32/.

C: N. Cortlever 1951: /2kr4/p2p3p/P3P3/1p6/qP6/4Q3/1K5P/8/.

REPORT on No. 619 Set 22 September

A: 11) Qf7:†,Kf7:; 12) Rh7:!,Rh7:; 13) g6† etc.

B: 1) h5,gh:; 2) g6,fg:; 3) e6,de:; 4) c5,dc: 5) a6!!(b6??)ba:; 6) b6,ab:: stalemate.

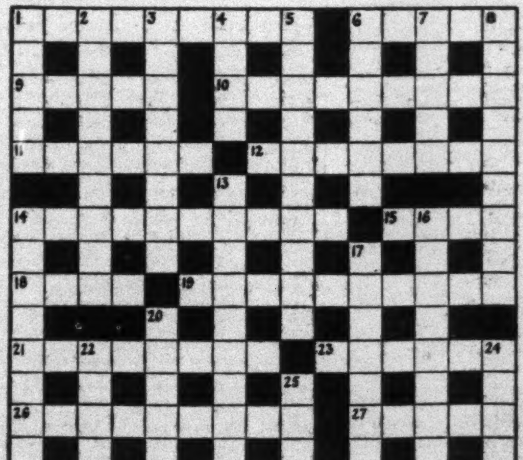
C: 1) Be6†,Ke8; 2) Ktf5!,gf:; 3) Kh5!(Kg5?),f4; 4) f3,Kd8; 5) Kg5,Ke8; 6) Kg6,Kd8; 7) Kh7!,Ke8; 8) Bg7 etc. If 1) . . . Kd8; 2) Ktf5,gf:; 3) Kg5!!(Kh5??),f4; 4) f3,Ke8; 5) Kg6 etc.

Plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: J. W. Atkinson, J. P. Ford, R. Hayward, J. Mitchell, G. W. Richardson. 50 Ladder decade 1st E. A. Barclay-Smith (917), 2nd J. R. Harman (749), 3rd D. E. Cohen (746), 4th C. Allen (693). All back to scratch. While I am abroad (until mid-November) entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office by second post Monday.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 479

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 479, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 24 October.



ACROSS

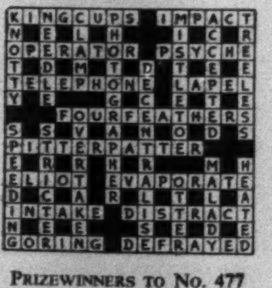
1. Rene wildly embraced by husband in actors' place (9).
6. Where poems are translated (5).
9. Young man in America detained in prison (5).
10. What players do with the veteran inside scoring (9).
11. Harden but not into 15 (6).
12. One who catches others in rare chaos (8).
14. Goddess gives page a flower and monarch a tree (10).
15. Mountain in the Trossachs (4).
18. Eager to wail (4).
19. Uninitiated domestic skill would do for a river vessel (10).
21. Enclosed when there is warmth in the hut (8).
23. Enthusiastic study in a branch of learning (6).
26. Trash I can stir up as a revolutionary (9).
27. Shot with anger at heart (5).
28. Is sensible and liberal in payments (5).
29. A month on the river in a famous ship (9).

DOWN

1. A final blow finishes the lizard (5).
2. Light showing movement of water on rock (9).
3. Informed whether I am among the famous (8).
4. Name for a race between ducks (4).
5. Poverty and chaos surrounds a littered green (10).
6. Team putting the foreign student in first (6).
7. Change one's time for work (5).
8. Wrong-doer starting with strange crimes (9).
13. A slip of the tongue makes the Premier soon rise in confusion (10).
14. Fish with a stick for something plain (9).
16. Something frightening makes one cower in confusion below the mark (9).
17. 'View him with ——, yet with jealous eyes' (Pope) (8).
20. Sells flowers (6).
22. Rub out time and direction (5).
24. Number in rabble rising for a royal house (5).
25. Nautical guy (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 477



K	I	N	G	C	U	P	S		I	M	P	A	C	T
N		E		L		H				I		C		R
O	P	E	R	A	T	O	R		P	S	Y	C	H	E
T		D		M		T		D		T		E		E
T	E	L	E	P	H	O	N	E		L	A	P	E	L
Y		E				G		C		E		T		E
			F	O	U	R	F	E	A	T	H	E	R	S
S		S		V		A		N		O		D		S
P	I	T	T	E	R	P	A	T	T	E	R			
E		R		R		H		R				M		H
E	L	I	O	T		E	V	A	P	O	R	A	T	E
D		C		A		R		L		T		L		A
I	N	T	A	K	E		D	I	S	T	R	A	C	T
N		E		E				S		E		D		E
G	O	R	I	N	G		D	E	F	R	A	Y	E	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 477

Mrs S. Hutchinson (Sarawak)
M. Collins (N. Wembley)
Mrs Treverton (Newport)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s 6d. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box numbers 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence £5 per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIA
THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES
SENIOR LECTURER OR LECTURER
DEPARTMENT OF DRAMA

The University of New South Wales wishes to appoint a Senior Lecturer or a Lecturer to the staff of the Department of Drama, within the School of English.

The successful candidate will lecture on the history of world theatre, and will take up his duties early in 1962.

Applicants for the position of Lecturer must have an appropriate degree from a recognised University. For appointment as Senior Lecturer, a higher degree or a record of publications or recognised achievement in the theatre will be expected. An understanding of the techniques of theatrical presentation as well as an extensive knowledge of dramatic literature would be an advantage. Special knowledge of one period of theatrical history – for example, the classical period in Greece or the French theatre in the seventeenth century – would be particularly valuable.

Salary: Senior Lecturer, £A2,599 range £A3,049 per annum. Lecturer, £A1,779 range £A2,484 per annum. Commencing salary will be determined by qualifications and experience.

After passing a medical examination, the successful applicant will be eligible to join the State superannuation scheme. Other staff benefits include study leave and assistance with housing.

First class ship fare to Sydney of appointee and family will be paid.

Four copies of Applications including the names of two referees should be lodged with the Agent General for New South Wales, 56-57 Strand, London, WC2, and a copy forwarded to the Appointments Section, The University of New South Wales, Box 1, Post Office, Kensington, NSW, by airmail to reach there before 17 November 1961.

AUSTRALIA
THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES
NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
LECTURERS IN FRENCH

The University of New South Wales wishes to appoint Lecturers in French to the staff of Newcastle University College.

Applicants must have an appropriate degree with honours, and one of those appointed will lecture in Old French language and literature.

Salary: £A1,779 range £A2,484 per annum.

Commencing salary will be determined by qualifications and experience.

Successful applicants will be eligible, subject to passing a medical examination, to contribute to the State Superannuation Fund.

First class fares to Sydney of appointees and families will be paid.

Four copies of applications, with the names of three referees, should be lodged with the Agent General for New South Wales, 56 Strand, London, WC2, and a copy forwarded by airmail to the Appointments Section, Box 1, Post Office, Kensington, New South Wales, to reach there before 17 November 1961.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY COUNCIL – EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

FULL - TIME EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGIST reqd in Harrow area. Honours degree in Psychology or equiv., recognised clinical training & teaching exper. essential. Duties include general advisory work in schools & work in Child Guidance Centre. Salary Soulbury II £1,290-£1,560. Prescribed conditions.

Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, (Ref. GP) 10 Great George St, SW1, returnable by 31 October. Candidates who applied in response to first advertisement need only refer to their previous application. (Quote H.555 NS).

ST DUNSTAN'S Convalescent and Holiday Home for blinded ex-servicemen at Ovingdean, Brighton, has vacancies for Resident Female Staff (age 25/40). Varied and interesting duties. Further information on application to Matron, St Dunstan's, Ovingdean, Brighton.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL
APPOINTMENT OF PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS

Applications are invited for the following vacancies:

(a) Child Guidance Clinics

GUILDFORD 1 full-time, 1 part-time
MITCHAM 1 full-time
CHIPSTEAD 4 sessions per week
SUTTON 4 sessions per week
WOKING 2 full-time

All Clinics have an establishment for a complete team, with a Psychiatrist as Medical Director, and there is good secretarial help. There are opportunities for every Psychiatric Social Worker to undertake group therapy with children, long term therapy with parents, lectures to local groups and regular meetings with other agencies. There are also opportunities for regular meetings to share experience and discuss problems. Referrals reflect a complete cross section of the community. Relationship with the administrative staff is good and there is a Working Party for maladjusted children on which members of the clinic teams are represented.

(b) Hostels and Special School

Hostels for maladjusted children are established at Thornchace, Merrow, Nr Guildford (junior girls and boys) and Starhurst, Dorking (senior boys) and a school for maladjusted boys opened at Wishmore Cross, Camberley in September, this year. Psychiatric supervision is provided at the hostels and the school. One Psychiatric Social Worker is required for work with the parents of the children. This appointment offers considerable scope in the rehabilitation of children with their families.

Salary and Conditions of Service are in accordance with the Whitley Council agreements.

Apply, giving full details of qualifications and experience and the names of two referees, to the County Medical Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILD GUIDANCE SERVICE
APPOINTMENT OF EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGISTS

Applications are invited from Educational Psychologists for full-time appointments in the North-Eastern and South-Western areas of the County. Candidates should possess a degree in psychology and have attended a full-time post-graduate course in child guidance. Teaching experience is essential.

Remuneration will be on Grade II of the Soulbury Committee Scale £1,290 per annum to £1,560 per annum.

The successful candidates will be required to devote half their time to the Child Guidance Service and half time to the School Psychological Service in the area.

Full particulars and application form from the County Medical Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL
APPOINTMENT OF PSYCHOTHERAPISTS

Applications are invited for the full-time appointment of Psychotherapist in the Child Guidance Service. Applicants should have had suitable training and experience in psychotherapy. Remuneration will be on Grade II of the Soulbury Scale £1,290 per annum to £1,560 per annum. Applications will be also considered for sessional appointments for which remuneration is at the rate of £2 10s. per session plus travelling expenses. Application forms and further particulars from the County Medical Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

WOMAN JOURNALIST

with wide general knowledge wanted for interesting, varied work on the Answers feature in 'Reveille'. Must have flair for lively and accurate writing and be able to research into complex material and present it simply. Apply in writing to the Editor, 'Reveille', 127 Stamford Street, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL
ASTON SWALLOWNEST COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL

Applications are invited for the post of Headmaster/Mistress of this school which will be created as a result of the amalgamation of Woodhouse Grammar School and the Aston Swallownest County Secondary School. Amalgamation will take place on the appointment of the new head.

There will be approximately 1,662 pupils on roll in January 1962, and the school will be in Group XXV (it is expected that the salary for a good honours trained graduate at the top of his/her scale will, under the proposed new salary scales, be of the order of £3,000 a year).

The Head of the Grammar School is leaving on 31 December 1961, having obtained another post, and the Head of the Secondary School retired on 31 August 1961.

New buildings already exist at Swallownest and major extensions to them have been included in a Building Programme. Until new buildings are ready, in about 3 years time, the school will be housed in both buildings which are about 4 miles apart. The whole school will then be housed at Swallownest where excellent facilities of every kind will be available.

Applicants must be graduates of a British University.

Forms of application and further particulars obtainable from the Education Officer (S.78), County Hall, Wakefield. Last date for receipt of applications 3 November 1961.

ESSEX
HARWICH FURTHER EDUCATION CENTRE

Full-time DEPUTY WARDEN (Man or woman) required for 1 January or as soon as possible thereafter.

Candidates should possess a degree, teacher's certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Science or Youth Leadership and have had experience in teaching and/or Youth work.

Salary £520 x £27 10s. (16) x £40 (1) to £1,000 per annum, plus graduation and training allowances if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salaries Report conditions. Increments for previous approved experience (maximum 5) also for teaching service and war/national service. Assistance towards removal expenses available in approved cases.

Details and application forms obtainable from the Divisional Education Officer, Park Road, Colchester.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX

ASSISTANT HOUSEMOTHERS (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments.

Write: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

THE INSTITUTE OF HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATORS

Applications are invited for a post of ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT. The duties of the post will be primarily concerned with study and research work, but applicants must be prepared also to undertake general administrative duties. Possession of a university degree and previous research experience will be an advantage. Commencing salary will be in the range of £700-£830, on a scale rising to £1,100. Contributory pension scheme. Applications, giving full details of education and experience and the names of three referees to reach the Secretary, the Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, London, W1, as soon as possible.

ORGANISING Secretary, preferably married woman, trained or experienced in social work, required by Birmingham Family Planning Association. Please apply in writing to General Secretary, 14 Frederick Road, Birmingham, 15.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for appointment as prison welfare officer at HM Prison, Cardiff. Adequate experience in an appropriate capacity is essential and a qualification in social studies is desirable. Commencing salary as for Probation Service £835 (age 29 and above) and six increments to £1,025.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 31 October 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

SENIOR
O & M OFFICER

A vacancy for a senior man has arisen in the small but well established O & M Department of a large industrial and merchanting group with headquarters in West London. Applications are invited from candidates aged from 30 to 40 with at least three years experience in O & M work in commercial and accounting fields.

The successful candidate should be capable of conducting major O & M assignments up to the preparation of final reports. Practical knowledge of punched card and other data-processing equipment and the possession of an accounting or secretarial qualification would be an advantage.

A commencing salary of £1,600 p.a. is offered and there are good prospects of advancement.

Write with full details to Box 6159.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal
THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA.

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

ITALY – posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

BBC requires Assistant to Information Officer, Scotland, in Edinburgh. Duties include collection and preparation of publicity material and its dissemination to the press and to BBC publications; handling enquiries from public and press, liaison with press, development and maintenance of biographical material and other general publicity work. Qualifications: knowledge of Scottish history, life and affairs essential; journalistic and broadcasting experience an advantage. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,335 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.466 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide. Applications are invited for two appointments as Reader in Psychology and Lecturer in Psychology. It is hoped that it will be possible to appoint candidates whose qualifications and experience are predominantly in experimental psychology. The department is equipped for research in experimental psychology and at present an experimental testing room (sound-proofed, air-conditioned and temperature controlled) is being constructed for use with either animal or human subjects together with a surgery for animal experimentation. The department offers unique opportunities for work on the experimental comparative psychology of the marsupials. Ancillary staff include three technicians and a junior laboratory attendant. Potential applicants who would like more detailed information about existing staff and facilities in the Department are invited to communicate direct with Professor M. A. Jeeves, the Head of the Department. Salary scales: Reader, £A2,950 – 70 – 3,230; Lecturer, £A1,675 – 95 – 2,340; with superannuation on the FSSU basis. The initial salary may be fixed within the scale in accordance with the successful candidate's qualifications and experience. General Conditions of Appointment and a statement about the posts for the information of potential candidates may be had on application to the Registrar of the University or to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications, in duplicate and giving the information listed in the final paragraph of the general conditions of appointment, should reach the Registrar, The University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia, not later than 13 November 1961.

NATIONAL SPASTICS SOCIETY

requires

TRAINEE DEPUTY WARDEN

for work in Centres for cerebral palsied adults. Applicants should be young men with some experience of residential establishments, willing to undertake a period of training at each of our Centres. This type of employment demands patience, tolerance, and understanding of the psychological problems faced by handicapped adolescents and adults, and the ability to supervise staff. Salary scale £650-£800 + emoluments. Application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, National Spastics Society, 12 Park Crescent, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NIGERIAN Institute of Social and Economic Research. University College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Applications are invited for: (a) Senior Research Fellowship in Economics. (b) Research Assistantship. Duties include keeping field data and research material, compilation of reference bibliographies, and building up information on unpublished sources and general assistance in research projects. Ability to type and knowledge of French desirable. Appointments on contract for three years. Salary scales: (a) £2,275 x 75 – £2,575 p.a. (b) £950 x 50 – £1,100 p.a. (over 28 years £1,050 x 50 – £1,150 p.a.). Entry according to experience and qualifications. Passages for appointee, wife and up to 5 children under 11 years, on appointment, overseas leave and termination. Children's, car and outfit allowances. FSSU. Part-furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7% of salary. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 10 November 1961 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

DEPARTMENT of Agriculture and Fisheries for Scotland. Pensionable post in Edinburgh for man or woman as (a) Agricultural Economist or (b) Assistant Agricultural Economist. Age on 1.11.61: at least 26 for (a); at least 21 and normally under 28 for (b). Qualifications: university degree, normally with 1st or 2nd class honours, in economics, agriculture or closely related subject, or comparable relevant qualification; also for (a), at least 3 years' appropriate post-graduate experience. Knowledge of statistical methods or practical experience of agriculture an advantage. Duties include investigation of changes in financial conditions of agriculture and factors affecting agricultural output, analysis of farm accounting data, and preparation of material for farm management advisory work. Salary scales: (a) £1,342-£1,654; (b) £738-£1,222. Starting salary may be above minimum in either grade. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting 5395/61. Closing date 6 November 1961.

MIDDLESEX County Council – County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for skilled casework in community care services. Part-time psychiatric social workers considered. Work is developing in scope & individual interest in various aspects of social treatment is encouraged. More experienced psychiatric social workers have opportunity of learning teaching methods & group supervision. Establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers & County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser. Casework consultation with exper. psychiatric social workers available for newly qualified. PTA quals & salary. Car allowance payable. Prescribed conditions. Particulars & 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S', 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 20 October. (Quote H.444 NS).

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd at Willesden Child Guidance Centre, 22 Brondesbury Villas, NW6, which is staffed by a Consultant Psychiatrist, an Educational Psychologist, 3 part-time Psychotherapists & 2 Psychiatric Social Workers. Adequate secretarial help. Opportunities for long & short term case work. Close liaison with the Health Authority & a developing emphasis in preventative work PTA quals & salary £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Enquiries & appointments to visit, telephone MAIda Vale 0621 Application forms from Borough Education Officer, Vernon House, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 30 October. (Quote H.506 NS).

NATIONAL Old People's Welfare Council invites applications for two training bursaries for social case-work with particular reference to elderly people and their families. The bursaries are tenable at a one-year Applied Social Studies course at a university. A degree or diploma in Social Studies (including field work) is an essential pre-requisite to this course. Each bursary will consist of a maintenance grant according to age and previous experience of between £400 and £550; plus tuition fees, essential travelling expenses, a book allowance and, if necessary, dependants' allowances. The bursaries will be awarded to those intending to undertake social case-work with old people, but no stipulation is made about employment with a particular body, as it is recognised that a suitable opening may be found with a voluntary body or a local authority or in connection with a hospital. Further particulars and forms of application are obtainable from the Secretary, National Old People's Welfare Council, 26 Bedford Square, WC1. The latest date for receipt of applications is 1 January 1962, but earlier application will be welcomed.

ORGANISER wanted for Manchester and District Federation of Community Associations, working in collaboration with the Local Education Authority and the Manchester and Salford Council of Social Service. Salary of £650 to be offered to person with suitable qualifications and experience. Details from Hon. Secretary, Manchester and District Federation of Community Associations, 16 Queen Street, Manchester, 2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY, experienced and fully qualified, required by Circulation Manager of this journal. Write 10 Great Turnstile, London, WC1.

THE Jewish Blind Society invites applications for the post of Matron at one of its Homes. Applicants should be State Registered Nurses preferably with additional experience for such an important post. Excellent staff quarters and remuneration. Contributory staff pension scheme. Applications in confidence to the Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

SECRETARY-Caseworker reqd by Family Casework Agency & Citizens' Advice Bureau. Apply with full detls exp. to Chairman, Kingston & Surbiton Central Aid Soc., 73 Penrhyn Road, Kingston-upon-Thames.

EDITORIAL/Production. Assistant Manager required by medical and technical publishers to handle production of textbooks and journals. Must be well-educated with some editorial knowledge. Interesting, varied work with wide scope. Write stating age, education, experience, salary level to Bailliere, Tindall & Cox, 7 & 8 Henrietta Street, London, WC2.

EDITORIAL assistant, under 40 years old, with qualifications or experience in mechanical engineering required for controlled circulation journal describing new products with industrial applications. Accuracy and the ability to write clear, concise English are essential. Write, giving full details of education and experience, to Box 6153.

SOS · Summerhill lacks History, Geography, Engl. teacher. Temp. or permanent. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk. Tel. 40.

FULL- or part-time teacher Shorthand wanted for West End school. Capable secretary willing to teach considered. Apply Box 6205.

BURGESS Hill School, High Cannons, Well End, nr Barnet. Housemother wtd at once for Burgess Hill Schl. ELStree 5560.

PART-time Interviewer/typist (woman) required by School of Languages for evening duties (5-8 p.m.); knowledge of languages an advantage. Apply in writing to St Giles School, 63 Oxford Street, W1.

SECRETARY required for Professor of Pharmacology at University College London (Gower St, WC1). This is an interesting and responsible post. The work will include correspondence, typing of scientific papers, and organisation of teaching and other departmental work. Good holidays. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

SECRETARY/Personal Assistant, 30/35, for Architects WC2. Sal. £13. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN 0676.

SECRETARY required for an interesting post, which would test the flexibility of even an MP's secretary. Professional/commercial work, plus helping the build-up of a charitable cause in which our country is making its mark. (Advertiser is the Hon. Administrator of one organisation). W1 district but convenient hours arranged to avoid rush-hour travel. Good correspondent plus shorthand/typing of course, but initiative and even managerial ability more essential. Salary £800 plus extras and half-yearly bonuses. Further details gladly sent to suitable applicants who should please state periods in last two posts, age and experience. Box 6214.

ADVERTISING Agency – Highbury. If you live in North London, you can have all the troubles (and interest) of an Advertising Agency with the minimum travel to work. This small, growing Agency at Highbury Corner, next to tube and buses, has a vacancy for a competent Directors' secretary/shorthand-typist. Interesting mixture of panics. Some advertising experience advantageous, but not essential. Good salary. Graphis Publicity Ltd, Swan Yard, N1. Tel.: CANonbury 7076.

COLLET'S Head Office requires the following staff: Invoice-typist, Clerk/typist, Filing Clerk. 35-hour week. Salaries according TU Agreement (recently increased). Apply Mrs Birch, 44/45 Museum Street, London, WC1.

CLERICAL help reqd one afternoon wkly for charity org. Typing & simple a/cs. Usual rates. Refs essential. AMB. 4001.

WANTED part-time clerical staff, day or evening. Apply Principal, Central London Institute, 6 Bolt Court, Fleet St, EC4.

JUNIOR clerk, female, to assist in General Office. Typing experience an advantage. Training and good prospects available to suitable applicant. Minimum commencing salary £8 p.w. Annual increases. 35-hour, 5-day week. Good working conditions and holiday arrangements. 'Phone WHI. 5622 or write: Chief Clerk, National Union of Bank Employees, 28 Old Queen St, Westminster, SW1.

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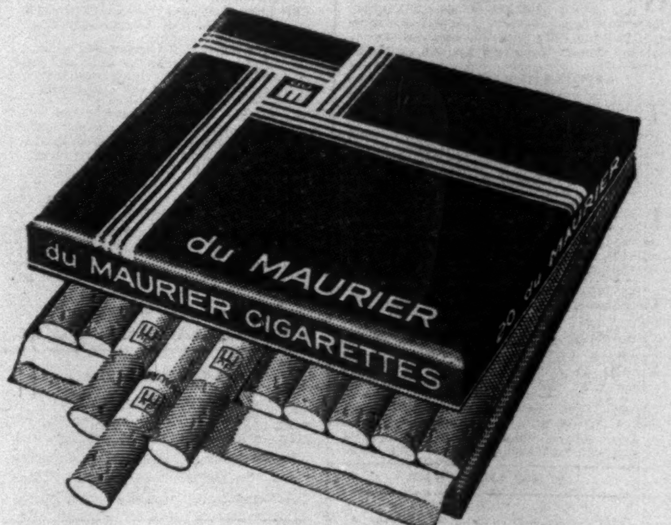
SHORTHAND-typists. Temporary, 10-5 p.m GK Bureau, MUSeum 6858.

COOK required by special boarding/grammar school for maladjusted boys. Resident or non-resident. S.a.e. to Red Hill School, East Sutton, near Maidstone.



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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

TALENTED 21-yr-old married girl, good personality, 5 yrs study painting, design, fabric design/printing, etc., wants start career where intelligence/good taste essential. Interior design, fabrics, fashion etc., magazine work; social & child care work. Refs. Tel.: PRI. 9639 or write Box 6120.

INTELL. woman, 40, resident London, sks responsible post. Interests literature, music, travel, social welfare. Anything considered. Not afraid of hard work if it is interesting. Gd shorthand/typing. Box 6043.

ENTERPRISING educated bachelor 49 seeks responsible office post W1 area 5-day wk. Correspondence accounts routine procedure speaking and writing. Box 6202.

PARSEE Indian, aged 63, good business experience, legal and commercial, seeks employment, full- or part-time. FRO. 3008.

DIRECTOR of Studies (MA, Hons, Oxon) of Ministry Recognised School of English for Foreigners seeks similar post immediately. FULham 9364 or Box 6268.

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Applications are invited for scholarships in Anthropology and Sociology (including Oceanic Linguistics), Demography (including social and cultural aspects), Economics (including Economic History and Economic Statistics), Geography (most branches but not at present with any emphasis on soil geography and climatology), Modern History (particularly in the fields of Australia and the British Commonwealth), Far Eastern History (China and Japan)*, International Relations, Law, Pacific History, Political Science (including public administration), Philosophy (including, as well as the traditional branches of philosophy, social and political philosophy, the philosophy of education, the logic of the natural and social sciences and of history, the history of ideas), and Statistics (including Mathematical Statistics).

Applicants should be post-graduate students with capacity for research. Scholars will normally enrol for a Ph.D degree, the course for which extends over three years. A scholarship is initially awarded for two years but will normally be extended for the whole period of the approved course. The basic scholarship allowance is £A950 per annum. Married scholars with children receive additional allowances for dependants. A grant will normally be made towards travel costs.

Application forms and further particulars are available from the University or from the Secretary, The Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications should reach the University by 30 April or 31 October in any year, although special consideration may be given to applications at other times. Scholarships may be taken up at any time after award, subject to agreement of the Head of Department concerned.

D. K. R. HODGKIN
Registrar,
Institute of Advanced Studies.

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*A substantial knowledge of the relevant language is a pre-requisite.

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FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

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PERSONAL

APPRECIATION

I thank, most sincerely, all those who congratulated me on the occasion of my appointment as High Commissioner for Ghana in the United Kingdom.

I deeply regret that I am unable to send a message of thanks to each of you personally since the large number of well-wishers makes this impossible.

It would, however, have given me supreme pleasure and the deepest satisfaction to reply to the kind congratulatory messages from my dear brothers and sisters in the Congo, Algeria, Angola and South Africa if the addresses of the senders had been more complete.

By the Grace of God, I hope to fulfil the trust you place in me and with the same help, I sincerely hope to uphold the dignity of my office to the best of my ability.

(Signed) KWESI ARMAH,
GHANA HIGH COMMISSIONER

AEROPREEN AWARD

COMPETITION 1962

1st prize £300 for an upholstered furniture design. Open to all designers and design students. Details from Aeropreen Ltd, High Wycombe, Bucks.

A COMPANION sought to active lady resident Oxford. Pleasant, light post. 120 Edith Rd, London, W14. FUL. 5091.

THE Archbishop of York will appeal in the BBC Good Cause of the Week on Sunday at 8.25 p.m. for the Medical Work in India, Pakistan and Nepal of the British Missionary Societies. Gifts may be sent to the Archbishop at Edinburgh House, 2 Eaton Gate, London, SW1.

ADULT student couple sk cheap accom. furn./unf. Willing babysit. Box 6166.

EDITOR wanted for unique war reminiscences. Please write Box 5994.

POTTERY teacher (f., 23) wants job where some knowledge pottery, art, etc., useful. Box 5986.

QUALIFIED teacher required to coach girl of 8 in general subjects one evening a week. St John's Wood area. Box 6102.

MUSIC-lovers (Jewish) invited to join record-playing group (classics) in Birmingham. Box 6093.

WINTER in Switzerland offered by retired (f.) teacher to elderly woman in exchange for a few hours daily household help. Apply with photograph: Miss M. Heynemann, Klosters, Solaria.

WOULD mathematician prov. solutions Univ. Entr. Schol. papers? Box 6197.

COMPANY Director with no knowledge of Italian would like to take private lessons at his home – Kensington district. Please send qualifications. Box 6190.

AMERICAN lady, 50, speaks Scandin., Fr., Ital., Russ., drives car, artist, writer, business exp., now in Italy, seeks interesting work in any country. Box 6067.

WANTED. MA Gown – gentleman's short size. AMB. 5973.

GOOD permanent foster home within 20 miles of North London, needed for exceptionally intelligent little boy aged 6 years with no family of his own. Foster parents must be of the Roman Catholic faith. Please apply to the Area Children's Officer, (NDO/N/2747/10), London County Council, 345 Holloway Road, London, N1.

ANY holiday suggestions (male 30's)? – I've still 2 weeks. Jobs, or social work considered. Box 6239.

CLUB. Why travel abroad when you can meet people from all parts of the world at the All Nations Social Club in Central London? Subscription 10s. p.a. Meetings, dancing, table tennis, snack bar, etc. Details: All Nations Social Club Ltd, 83 Chiltern Street, London, W1.

HELP aged Refugees by using our attractive, colourful, Christmas Cards. Sample set of nine varied cards 5s. 6d. post-paid. Published by the Trustees, Voluntary and Christian Service, 139 Oxford St, W1.

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PERSONAL—continued

NEW Personalist Club. Conversation circles. Leisure activities. Informal approach. Writing, arts, thought. Box 6016.

EXPERIMENTAL Drama Group (amateur) reqs new members: actors, technicians. This production – mainly chorus parts in 'Lysistrata'. R. Heapy, 89 Campden Hill Towers, W11. BAY. 2213.

PRIVATE Provincial Art Gallery wish to buy moderately-priced paintings. Inquiries invited from artists. Box 5301.

TOWER Theatre Club members enjoy not only good plays and good company, but also the club bar and buttery, Sunday evening performances by the Tavistock Repertory Company, and regular talks and discussions. All for £1 1s. or 7s. 6d. annually – and for a little extra you can see high-quality films at the Film Forum. Interested? Write to the Secretary, Tower Theatre Club, Canonbury Tower, Canonbury Place, N1.

BE different. Cordon Bleu cook and assistant undertake unusual cooking and table decorations for dinner parties, cocktail parties etc., within your price range. Ring PRImrose 9559.

ACROSS Frontiers: The Friends Service Council (Quakers) welcomes gifts and legacies for its international service oversea. FSC (26), Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1.

HUMANISM – the outlook for the world we live in. Write Ethical Union (E), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

EASY £175 Letter Contest. Send for Free Entry Form – plus Free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. No Sales – No Fees training. Free 'Writer' Subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

DIRECTORS needing able office staff (m. & f.) consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical, Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

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MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193).

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery, yet withal the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness and mental activity – remains. Garlisol Tablets will liquify catarrh and purify and clear the entire system. Harmless, benevolent, and with no drug reaction on the heart or other organs. Not habit forming. Send 52s. 6d. for six months' treatment (1,000 Tablets) or £1 12s. 6d. (3 months' treatment) together with booklet of dietary advice, to Garlisol Company, Fairlight, Sussex, or order through your chemist.

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LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq. KEN 7201. Club attached.

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PERSONAL—continued

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SKI

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LECTURES etc.—continued from p.540

LONDON New Left Review Club Literature Study Group. Series on American Literature Fridays at 8 p.m. Highlander, (Corner of Dean St-Carlisle St, W1). Admission 1s. 13 Oct. Scott Fitzgerald: J. Wilkes. 20 Oct. American Poetry: A discussion: A. Alvarez. 27 Oct. Marianne Moore: M. Kirkham. 3 Nov. Eugene O'Neill: M. Butterworth. 10 Nov. Nathaniel West: A. Ross. 17 Nov. John Crowe Ransom: A. Brownjohn. 24 Nov. Faulkner: A. Pirani. 1 Dec. Nabokov: R. Powell. 8 Dec. Arthur Miller: Y. Redman. 15 Dec. James Gould Cozzens: D. W. Harding.

BRITAIN and the Bomb – NATO or Neutrality? Ivor Richards (Labour Candidate Sth Ken. 1959), Michael L. Howard, CND. Chair.: John Thorpe. Kensington Central Library, Campden Hill Rd, W8. Tues. 17 Oct., 8 p.m. Admn free. Debate org. by Kensington & Chelsea CND.

UNIVERSITY College London. Free Public Lectures, Autumn Term 1961. Mon. 23 Oct. at 5.30. Inaugural Lecture by Professor O. J. L. Szemerenyi, 'Trends and Tasks in Comparative Philology'. Thurs and Mons 2, 6, 13, 16 Nov. at 5.30, The Lord Northcliffe Lectures in Literature by Mr Angus Wilson, 'Evil in the English Novel'. Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Publications Office, University College London, Gower St, WC1. (Stamped envelope reqd)

BRITISH Association Granada Lectures. Third series annual lectures, 'Communication in the Modern World', Guildhall, London. Tuesday, 17 October. Sir John Wolfenden, 'The Gap – and the Bridge'. 8.30 p.m.

LISTENING Meetings. Lecture/Demonstration by Dr Rachel Pinney. Orpington, The Priory Church Hall 7.30, Mon 16 Oct.; High Wycombe, Speen Village Hall 7.30, Fri. 20 Oct.; Dartford, Temple Hill Community Centre 7.30, Sat. 21 Oct.; Staines, Town Hall Council Chamber 7.30, Mon. 23 Oct.; Saffron Walden, Friends House 7.30, Tues. 24 Oct.; Harrow, Belmont Assembly Hall, Kenton Lane 7.30, Sat. 28 Oct.; Chelmsford, Cannons Restaurant, Duke St. 7.30, Mon. 30 Oct.; Banbury Town Hall 7.30, Mon. 6 Nov.; Horsham Town Hall 7.30, Tues. 14 Nov.; Bromley Central Library 7.30, Thur. 16 Nov.; Dorking Masonic Hall 7.30, Mon. 20 Nov.; Sevenoaks, Cornwall Hall, The Drive 7.30, Tues. 21 Nov.; Norbury, The Library, Beatrice Avenue 7.30, Mon. 27 Nov.; St Albans, Court House 7.30, Thur. 30 Nov.; Romford, The Lorry Hall, Market Place 7.30, Thur. 21 Dec.

ARCHAEOLOGY in Russia. Two lectures by D. A. Avdusin (Moscow Univ.): Tues. 17 Oct., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, 'Archaeological Study of Novgorod'; Mon. 23 Oct., 7.30, SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8, 'Excavations at Smolensk'. Admission 2s. 6d. each lecture.

LATIN America: Full day Conference for geographers, economists, teachers, students at Portsmouth, 4 November. Apply: Hispanic & Luso-Brazilian Councils, 2 Belgrave Square, London, SW1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11, PARk 7696. Fri. 13 Oct. 8 p.m. Dr N. Zernov: 'Kiev Russia'. Fri. 20 Oct. 8 p.m. Lady Hulton: 'Reminiscences of Russian Life in Paris'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Tues. 17 Oct. 8 p.m. Dr L. Pasternak-Slater reading own poems & translations from Rilke (in Russian).

CULTURE and a Mass Society – D. G. Macrae, MA. Sun. 15 Oct.: 11 a.m. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Moral Problems in a Space Travel Age – Norman R. Smith, BSc. Tues. 17 Oct. 7.30 p.m. Discussion. SPES, Conway Hall, WC1.

SEA Lecture: 'Education Through Art in Ghana'. Illustrated talk by George Stevens, Thurs. 19 Oct., 7 p.m. College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., WC1. Admission 2s. 6d. Members SEA 1s. 6d.

SOCIALIST Party of Great Britain, Public Meeting 'Demonstration for Socialism', Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1. Wed. 18 Oct. at 7.30 p.m. Admission free; questions and discussion.

DIVERSIONS – a musical evening. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1. Wed. 18 October at 8 p.m. Admission to guests 2s. 6d.

WERE you in Hungary this year? Reunion Sat. 14 Oct. 7.30 p.m. at King's Court Hotel, Leinster Gdns, W2. Bring photos, films. Adm. 2s. British Hungarian F'ship Soc., 136a Westbourne Terr, W2.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Mrs S. Chakravarty, M.Mus., BTMus., 'Indian Classical Music'. 8.30, Fri. 20 Oct. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 18 Oct., 6.30 p.m. 'Is Buddhism Selfish?', Mr M. O'C. Walshe. Thur. 19 Oct. Special Late Lecture at 7.30 p.m. 'Who do you think you are?' Mr D. Gold. Also Saturday 21 Oct. 3 p.m., Children's Class. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries: TAT. 1313.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 15 Oct., 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Political Action'. H. J. Blackham.

'CAN Reincarnation Be Proved?' Public lecture. 15 Oct., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

'THE American Economy' by Peter Dreyer, US editor; special correspondent in Europe of New York Journal of Commerce. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wed. 18 Oct. at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

PRESIDENT John F. Kennedy – Three films – 'Primary' (report on the Wisconsin Election); 'The Inauguration'; and 'The Visit to Paris, Vienna and London'. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thurs. 19 October at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

THE British Peace Committee and ETV present the exciting story of Cuba told for the first time in a new colour film 'Island Aflame' (U) and Joris Ivens' colour film of China 'Early Spring' (U) Islington Town Hall, Upper St, N1. 19 October 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s. from BPC, 94 Charlotte St, W1 (LAN. 5904) or Collet's, 74 New Oxford St.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM
INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

A full-time Course for serving teachers with at least five years experience will be held in Newcastle in the academic year beginning September 1962.

One year advanced course in primary education, leading to the INSTITUTE'S DIPLOMA IN THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG CHILDREN. At the end of the year, students may apply for admission to a further year of part-time study for the Diploma; this period will be spent in their own schools.

Applications should be received not later than 1 January 1962 by the Secretary for Teachers' Courses, Institute of Education, 19 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, from whom further particulars and application forms may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'The Conception of Kingship in Ancient India, an Anthropologist's View' will be delivered by Dr L. Dumont (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on 24 and 25 October at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

SWEDEN – the Model Society? Eight lectures on Sweden beginning Tuesday, 17 October 1961, at 8 p.m. at the Library of the Swedish Church, 8 Harcourt Street, W1. Dr W. R. Mead: The Personality of Sweden. An Appreciation of its geographical background. Arrd by Anglo-Swedish Society. Admission free. Non-mems welc.

NEW Universities Brighton 1961 Fabian Conference, Royal Pavilion: 28/29 Oct. Details: Cr Blackwood, YMCA, Brighton.

UNIVERSITY of Cambridge. Residential Course entitled 'Our Own Times'. A one-week Residential Course to be held in Hughes Hall, Cambridge from 3-10 February 1962 on life in Britain in the 20th Century. The Course will deal with the social and political development of Britain during this period, its Literature and the Arts. Fee for the Course, including residence at Hughes Hall: £10. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Cambridge University Board of Extra-mural Studies, Stuart House, Cambridge.

DARTINGTON College and Arts Centre, Totnes, Devon, provides Preparatory Courses in Music, Art and Drama, a 3-Year Professional Course for Musicians, and two 3-Year Courses for Specialist Music Teachers which are run in collaboration with St Luke's College, Exeter, and Rolle College, Exmouth. All courses are residential. Prospectus from the Secretary.

EVENING private tuition by Cambridge graduate teacher in London area in Maths, Chemistry, OL and AL. Box 6163.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

HOY Día, revista que refleja el estado actual del mundo de lengua hispánica. Ideal reading for students of Spanish from second year onwards. Up-to-date. Informative. Entertaining. Well-illustrated. Puzzles. Vocabulary. Send for specimen copy to Mary Glasgow & Baker Ltd, 140 Kensington Church Street, London, W8.

RUSSIAN. Beginners' 18-lesson postal course with individual tutorial help. £3. Write Director of Studies, Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (est. 1894).

ITALIAN lessons by expd native teacher; speedy results guaranteed. Box 5764.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SPANISH, Italian, French, German. Small classes for beginners, intermediate, and advanced. Pronunciation with tape recorders. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

BIBLE Study: Correspondence Course Free on application to: Miss K. Walford, 37 Edith Street, West Bromwich.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg & Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar', Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St. WC2. COV. 0754.

YOUNG composer gives lessons in piano, clarinet, theory, jazz. LAD. 0568.

NEOLITHIC to percussionist? Sculptor (ex-Slade but learnt a lot since) offers regular lessons to a few pupils genuinely interested in drawing, painting, modelling, carving, etc. London only. Box 6258.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

PLEASANT double bedroom in spacious Hampstead flat. Own cooking or live with student couple and baby as one of family. 5 gns p.w. One person pref. SWI. 6394.

COMF. bed-sit.-rm, quiet house nr Golders Grn, suit. business woman. Box 6068.

CANONBURY. Flat, lge b/s. & kit.-din.-rm, share bathrm. Suit yng mar. couple or 2 friends. £5. Refs. essential. Box 6287.

GIRL seeks another share flat Putney. £2 7s. 6d. wkly incl. c.h.w., elec. Tel. Neligan, PUT. 7785 Mon., Tues., Wed. evgs.

HAMPSTEAD: newly furn. 2-room flat, nr Heath. All facs. £4 p.w. Box 6191.

NW9. Convenient transport. Woman owner mod. flat offers b/sit. room to prof./bus. yng woman. Enqs: ARNold 6346.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 300 double and single rooms, £5 full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon CRO. 2634.

WELL furnished s/c. flat to let Central London for 6/7 months. LAN. 1846.

FASHIONABLE Fulham, lge bed-sit., own ckg facs, low rent for morning school-taking. Gd transp. facs. Box 6290.

2 s/c. flats to let shortly near Swiss Cottage. 1 furn., 1 unfurn. 2 rms, kit. & bathrm. Rent £312 inclusive. Box 6260.

SW18. Upper flat 3 rms, kit'ette, part-furn., share b. 3½ gns p.w. 1-2 yr lease; suit quiet couple. BAL. 8744.

KENSINGTON. Fur. rm mod. court. C.h., c.h.w., use k. Lady only. WES. 2267.

KENS. bed-sit. luxury flat, c.h. For bus./prof. lady. 4 gns. MAI. 0923.

LARGE furn. room with attic in friendly, unconventional rooming house in Victorian Muswell Hill. Own sink & cooker. Use bath. £3 10s. TUDor 8911 after 7 p.m.

LARGE b/s., Hampstead. 1 lady. Cent. htd, carpeted throughout in luxury home. Use kit., bathrm. £4 10s. MAI. 5722.

KENT Village cottage with 3 bedrooms to let for winter only at low rent. Commute easily. Box 6286.

RIVIERA: flats to let, reduced winter rates artist's hse Antibes. Box 6069.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

JOURNALIST, wife, 1-year baby, seek furnished flat. NW preferred. Box 6126.

YOUNG man requires small furn. flatlet or large bed-sit. with cooking facilities, Hampstead area. Box 6285.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—contd

ARGENTINE Architect with English wife, three children and maid, on fellowship for year, reqs furnished house or flat, three bedrooms, convenient for West Central London. Write, 60 Hillside, Banstead, Sy.

WRITER (in his thirties) is looking for flat near or overlooking Primrose Hill. Up to £250 p.a. for large 1 room s/c. flat or £300 for 2 roomed place. Glad to consider variations on these requirements. Box 6249.

SERIOUS young cple & sister, scientist & teachers, req. attract. s/c. flat, 3 rms. Max. 6 mls from Strand, 6 gns. Box 6266.

DOCTOR & wife sk s/c. fur. flat London one month beg. Nov. Reas. Box 6220.

FURN. accom. reqd by professional woman, Canonbury or near. Box 6227.

GRADUATE student and sister (Jamaican) require flat for two. Box 6230.

YOUNG prof. woman, musician/tchr, reqs reas. accom. Golders Grn or Mill Hill area. Matthews, 1 Rodborough Rd, NW11.

AIRY, neat room wtd in pleasant neighbourhood by woman. Not too 'diggy'. Minimum needs but some home typing (noiseless). Area preferred: Battersea/Earls Court or within 40 mins Sth Ken. Box 6276.

SOUTH African (Indian) doctor reqs s/c. flat k. & b. Mod. terms. Box 6284.

BUSINESS lady seeks minute flat, minute rent. 2 miles radius Victoria. Box 6134.

GRAD., m. 26, desires share flat Hammersmith, Fulham, Chelsea, S. Ken., Putney, Battersea, etc., from 21 Oct. Box 6141.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'WHICH?' reports in October on gas cookers, resale price maintenance, processed cheese and cheese spreads, a new slimming food. 'Which?' independent reports on consumer goods, published by the Consumers' Association, are available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 14 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

DUNAYEVSKAYA's 'Marxist Humanism and the Afro-Asian Revolutions' – on the political theory of direct action. From Peter Cadogan, 5 Acton Way, Cambridge; 1s. 4d. post free.

'TRANSATLANTIC Review', entering its third year, wishes to buy short stories, poetry, and short articles of general interest. Send with s.a.e. to 33 Ennismore Gdns, SW7.

FOR Sale: Keesings Contemporary Archives. Continuous set from 1937 to 1961. In first-class condition. Box 6006.

WANTED, Agent (Publisher) new recommended translation of Alexander Pushkin's Lyrics. Paperback. Box 6131.

YOUR Book pleasingly produced at low cost. Sample post free. Where minimum cost desired we co-operate to produce directly from your typing by reducing photo process. Broadacre Books, Jarol House, Arctic Parade, Bradford, 7.

A. & N. The best library service. Provides anywhere in Britain the latest books reviewed and advertised in these columns promptly and at reasonable charges. Free prospectus from the Army & Navy Stores, Westminster, SW1.

HAMPSTEAD'S High Hill Bookshop is now open every weekday from 9-7 p.m. Nearly 2,500 paperback titles in stock. 6 High St, NW3. (HAM. 2218).

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8.

LIBRARIES & Smaller Collections bought for best prices by John L. Hunt (long-established) who will call & collect within 50 miles of London. 268 Croydon Rd, Caterham. (CAT. 3387).

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders, all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

WHERE TO STAY

OLD Sussex village. Comfortable accommodation and good food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Tel.: Robertsbridge 448. Children welcome. Riding stables, fishing, moderate terms.

ALL desiring warm, cosy hotel for October holiday should write now for illustrated brochure. Summer lasts longer in the sheltered winter resort which claims 'Britain's best climate'. Accommodation from 8 gns inclusive – no gratuities. Good food. Two lounges (TV). Central heating. Premier position, facing full south. Opposite double deck promenade, near churches, theatres, sunlounge, pavilion. 100 sun shelters. Normanhurst, Sea Front, St Leonards, Sussex.

MIDHURST District. A charming old Manor house off the beaten track. 4 acres, own produce: Billiards, putting, croquet, licensed bar. Few vacancies for winter residence. Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, Nr. Petersfield. Rogate 93.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 426.

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NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
16, 18 & 20 Oct. at 7.30 Iphigenie en Tauride

THE ROYAL BALLET

17 Oct. at 7.30	Ondine
19 Oct. at 7.30	La Fille Mal Gardée
21 Oct. at 7.30	Petrushka, Diversions, Daphnis and Chloe

Box Office Tel.: COV. 1066.

OPERA Circle, Sun. 29 Oct. at 8 p.m. 'Carmen', Sadler's Wells production of original version. Patricia Johnstone, Donald Smith, Raimund Herincx, intro. by Maurits Sillem, At 4 St James's Sq, SW1. Dets: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W8. WES. 7513.

THEATRES

APOLLO. GER. 2663. Tues. next, 7.30. Sub. 8, S. 5 & 8, Th. 2.30. A Whistle in the Dark. 'The stage blazes with danger', K. Tynan, Observer. 'See it for yourself', New Statesman.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last perfs 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'Finders Keepers'. Members.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). Shaw's 'Androcles and the Lion' and 'The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet'. 6 & 8.40.

MOUNTVIEW Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885). 'The Playboy Of The Western World'. 16-21 Oct., at 7.45 p.m. Members only; membership 7s. 6d. per annum.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Thurs. 2.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Arnold Wesker's brilliant play 'The Kitchen'. Ends 21 Oct.

SAVILLE. TEM. 4011. 8.30. Wed. & Sat. 6.15 & 8.50. The hilarious revue success 'The Lord Chamberlain Regrets!' 'Thunderous applause – side-splitting' Daily Herald. 18-28 Oct. Twice nightly, 6.15 & 8.50.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30) Lope de Vega's 'The Knight from Olmedo'. 12-14 Oct. at 7.30. Lady Windermere's Fan 20, 21, (Mems 22), 25-28 October.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Farquhar's 'The Recruiting Officer'. Restoration Comedy. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. 'A torrent of high spirits', Times. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'The Tempest' by William Shakespeare. 16, 18 Oct. at 7.30; 17, 19 Oct. at 2.30 and 7.30. Admission free.

CONCERT

A CLARINET and Piano Recital (live) by David Glazer, clarinet, and Frank Glazer, piano. Works by Von Weber, George Rochberg, Robert Starer, Brahms. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook St entrance, Fri. 20 October at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

5th LONDON
FILM
FESTIVAL

Prize-Winning films from this
year's other Festivals

BOX OFFICE OPENED 12 OCTOBER
Telephone Bookings Accepted.

Apply
NATIONAL FILM THEATRE,
South Bank,
Waterloo.
WAT. 3232/3

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' (U) in col. Cond. Furtwangler.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Nouvelle Vague Survey: Until 15 Oct.: Malle's 'Lift to the Scaffold' (A). From 16 Oct.: Astruc's 'Une Vie' (X).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Members Party Wednesday 18 October, 8.30-11 p.m. Dancing to Brian Frederick's Band. Members free. Non-members 5s.

JAZZ: The Allan Leat Golden Era Group and Rita every Thurs. 8-11 p.m. Drayton Arms, 153 Old Brompton Road, South Kensington. Admission 3s.

EXHIBITIONS

ACADEMIC BOOKS FROM EAST GERMANY

University of London Library
Senate House, Malet Street, WC1.

17-20 October

9.30 a.m.-9 p.m. Admission free.

All fields of learning in the arts and sciences are represented.

Also at the University Library, Birmingham, 15 from 24-27 October, at the McEwan Hall, University of Edinburgh from 31 October-3 November, and at the Arts Library, University of Manchester from 7-10 November.

EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY CZECHOSLOVAK BOOK DESIGN

The most important collection of printing from Czechoslovakia ever shown in Britain

National Book League
7 Albemarle Street, London, W1.
13-20 October. 11 a.m.-6.30 p.m.
(Sat. 11 a.m.-5 p.m.)

THE LINCOLN GALLERY

'ART and ENERGY'

a Schettini retrospective

8 SLOANE STREET, SW1.

NEW London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. (GRO. 6755). 'The New New York Scene'. 10-5, Sats 10-12. Adm. free.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Memorial Exhibition of Paintings, Tapestries and Drawings by Percyval Tudor-Hart. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Michael Ayrton – The Icarus Theme – paintings, drawings and sculpture. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 28 October. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Mark Rothko: An exhibition of paintings from 1945-1960. 11 October-12 November. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admn free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Vasarely – Recent Paintings. Opens Wednesday 25 October. Until 25 November. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Road, N6. Paintings by Ada Flatto. Sculpture by M. Pakenham Walsh. 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1. Sat. 10-7.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Reproductions for Christmas may be sent overseas tax-free. Select now at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1, or any good print shop.

DITCHLING Gallery, Sx (Hassocks 3342). Mixed Exhibition. Established and new painters. Opening Sat. 14 Oct. Until 28 Oct. Original paintings at prices within the reach of the small collector. Tues. to Sat. 11 to 6. Closed Mondays Admission free.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Magritte oils and collages 1922-1952. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 9.30-1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. From 17 Oct. to 4 Nov.–sculptures by Frances Gray, paintings by Ratcliffe, drawings by Jeanne Lister.

EXHIBITION of Calligraphy, Lettering and Illuminating by the Society of Scribes and Illuminators at the Crafts Centre, 16/17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W1, until 3 November. Weekdays 10-5. Sats 10-12.30. Admission free.

MAX Ernst: retrospective 1909-61. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 15 Oct. Fri., Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Ad. 3s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Tapisseries de Petit Format – Arp, Braque, Ernst, Man Rav, Picasso. 12 October – 18 Nov. Adm 1s. Members free. Library – Maurice Jadot.

MASTERPIECES of French Painting from the Bührle Collection including paintings by Cézanne, Degas, Gauguin, van Gogh, Manet, Monet, Renoir. Arts Council exhibition. National Gallery. Till 5 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d.

MODERN Stained Glass. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

VISIT Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London, W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats. 10-1 p.m. Old and Modern Masters.

MOLTON Gallery. Michael Werner – Abstracts for Architecture. 4-23 Oct. Dly 10-6, Sats 10-1. 44 South Molton St, W1

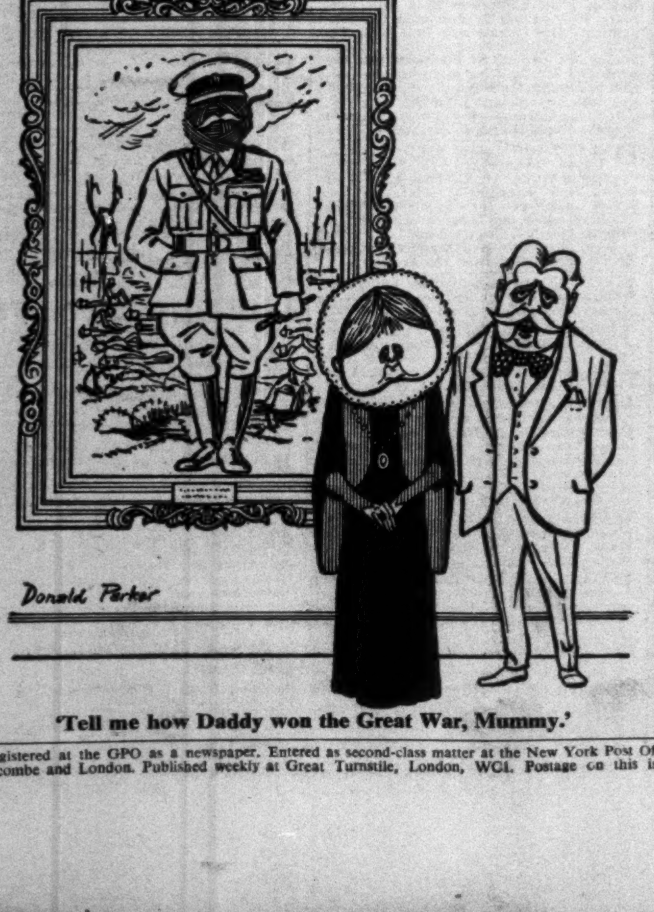
WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent watercolours, Larry Bigelow. 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New series Paintings John Bratby. Opens 19 October.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Until 21 October. Ronald Moody, Sculpture. Renee Robertson, Kenneth Glenister, Paintings.



'Tell me how Daddy won the Great War, Mummy.'

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

London New Left Review Club
THE CASE AGAINST THE COMMON MARKET
Judith Hart MP, Clive Jenkins
NUR Hall, Unity House, Euston Road, NW1.
Mon. 16 October, 8 p.m.
Non-members 2s. 6d. Members 1s. 6d.

AWAY WITH COLOUR PREJUDICE
MARTIN LUTHER KING
(Minister of Ebenezer Baptist Church, Atlanta: Leader of the Montgomery Bus Protest)
will speak at the
Central Hall, Westminster,
on Monday 30 October at 7.30 p.m.
SUPPORTING SPEAKERS: Robert Resha (Treason Trialist Number 17) and Stuart Hall.
CHAIRMAN: Canon L. John Collins.
Tickets from Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, London, EC4. 3s. reserved, 1s. 6d. unreserved.

PUBLIC MEETING FOR MOSCOW MARCHERS
Unilateralists from the USA, Britain and W. Europe have been marching through E. Europe urging unconditional disarmament. They entered Moscow on 3 October. Some of them will be returning via London and will address a meeting on 13 October. Speakers will discuss their experiences en route, the attitude of the peoples and authorities in both West and East Europe, the political problems of the March (including the impact of the Berlin crisis and Soviet resumption of tests on the March) and political achievements.
FRIDAY, 13 OCTOBER, 7.30 p.m.
FRIENDS HOUSE, EUSTON ROAD, NW1. Admission free.

PEACE PLAN FOR BERLIN

Monday 16 October

See page 514.

BRITAIN, the Common Market and the Labour Movement. The issue is vital. You must be well informed. Hear: Shirley Williams, Ernest Jones, John Diamond, MP, Rt Hon. Arthur Bottomley, Lord Walston, Fred Mulley, MP, in the NUR Hall, Unity House, Euston Road, London, NW1, on Sunday 22 October, 10.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Credentials 2s. 6d. from Federal Union, 10 Wyndham Place, London, W1. Tel.: PADdington 6679.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. R. S. Pryke on Labour Party Conference. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 18 Oct., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Soc.: Sec., 23 Shelley Crescent, Southall, Middx.

THE Great Britain – USSR Association, 43 Parliament Street, SW1. Winter lectures and films. Mr Wright Miller: 'What Russians know about England', Wed. 18 Oct., 8 p.m. at Livingstone Hall, Carteret Street, Broadway, Westminster, SW1. Admission 2s. 6d. including refreshments.

LEADERSHIP in groups: Dr Granzow (Heidelberg) gives first lecture in series 'Significance of Modern Groups' arranged by Sociology Group of Progressive League, tonight, 13 Oct., at 7.30. Friends International Centre, Tavistock Square, WC1. For full programme of series, send s.a.e. Elphick, 17 Estelle Road, NW3.

MONDAY, 16 Oct., 8 p.m. at Allied Circle, 46 Green St, W1, Political & Economic Circle GZO, discussion 'UN and Arab Refugees'. Speaker: Dr Walter Pinner (author of 'How many Arab Refugees?'). Chairman: Dr John Hajnal, Reader in Demography at LSE. Adm. 2s. incl. refreshment. Non-members welcome. Hon. Sec. Dr L. Allen, SPE. 3328.

ROBERT Graves gives Hillel Foundation Annual Lecture on 'Jewish Myths' Monday, 23 Oct. at 8 p.m. Friends House, NW1. Chairman, David Daiches. Admission ticket only, obtainable: 1 Endsleigh St, WC1.

ADLERIAN Society. The New Sexual Morality. Guest Speaker: James Hemming, Ph.D. Tues. 17 Oct., 7.30 p.m. punctually, Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Non-members welcome 2s. 6d. Students 1s.

HALDANE Society. Arnold Wesker outlines Centre 42. Royal Scottish Corporation, Fetter Lane, EC4. Tues. 17 Oct. 6.30. Non-members 1s.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 17 Oct. 'Nature Reserves in Britain; can we afford them?' by Dr P. J. Newbould; 19 Oct. 'Cult and Ordeal as Techniques of Sorcery Control in the Congo' by Dr M. Mary Douglas.

LECTURES etc.—continued on p.539

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